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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, May 27, 1983

Golden tradition



התורה והמצוות

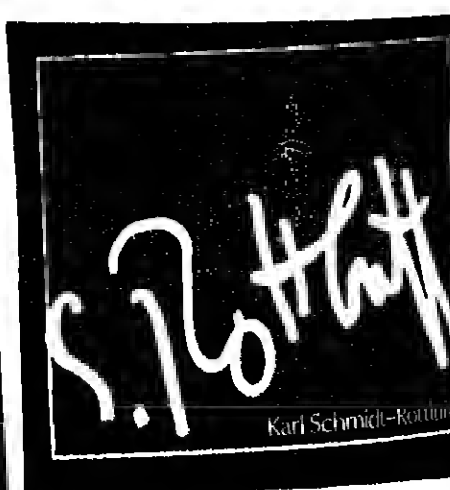
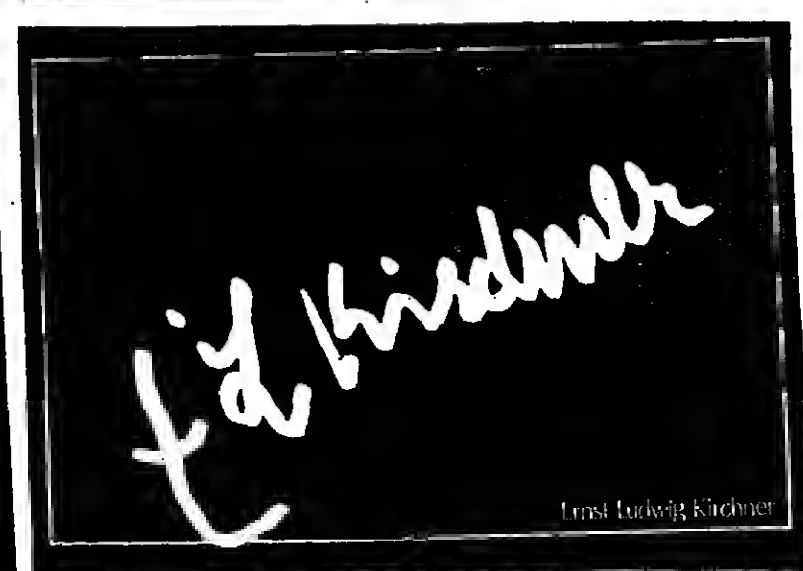
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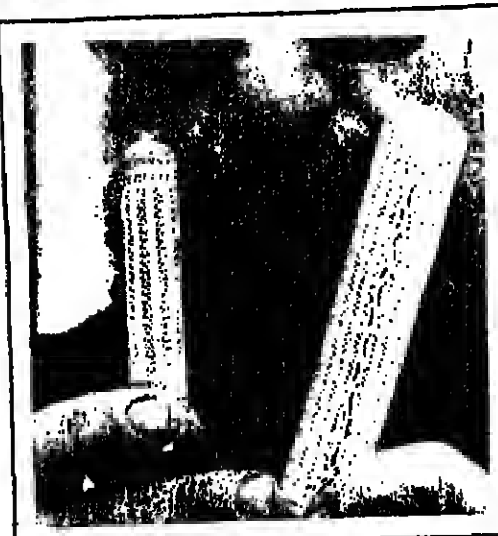
And drive carefully.

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thought will keep you driving right. Let's think
ahead together. To safeguard our lives.

Let's be bright. And drive right.





In this issue

Judy Siegel-Itzkovich hears about Sam Ben-Chetrit's discoveries in Morocco. 5

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On the cover, A Yemenite goldsmith in Jerusalem, photographed by Karen Benzan.

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Twenty-two unmarked tombstones, lined up like soldiers on the beach of Al-Hoceima in Morocco, face Jerusalem — the distant holy city that the Jews interred beneath them failed to reach.

Since their bodies were washed up on a barren Mediterranean shore and buried 22 years ago, their relatives in Israel have longed to know the location of their graves, and no one has recited the *kaddish* prayer over them. That is, until a Moroccan-born Jerusalemite, Sam Ben-Chetrit, unravelled the mystery of the S.S. Pisces and tracked down the burial site just a few weeks ago.

The 22 men, women and children were part of a brave and idealistic group of 43 Moroccan Jews, led by Israeli emissary Haim Zarfaty, who boarded the British-made vessel in an attempt to emigrate illegally.

Impelled by religious fervour and Zionist zeal rather than by persecution, the Moroccan Jews drove hundreds of kilometres on a dark January night to the rendezvous on the coast. They hugged the Tunisian-born Israeli who had organized their escape, bade him farewell, and boarded the Pisces in a calm sea.

But this good omen was misleading. Near the end of their voyage, off the coast of Spain, the ship struck a rock during a storm and capsized. They all had life-jackets, but they died in the icy waters. Only the 22 bodies washed up at Al-Hoceima were recovered.

The Moroccan authorities summoned two members of the Jewish burial society in the city of Tetouan, 300 kilometres away, to wash the bodies and conduct the final rites. The *hebra kadisha* members did the job hurriedly, partly because they were eager to return home before the onset of the Sabbath, and partly because of the anti-Israel atmosphere in Morocco in 1961. Since 1957 it had been illegal for Jews to emigrate; solidarity with other Moslem countries and the realization that Jews constituted a major force in the country's economy were largely responsible for the ban.

"The Jews who left," says Ben-Chetrit, who himself came on aliyah in 1963, "were regarded as 'Zionist traitors.'"

The graves were apparently marked with numbered stones, but these were lost later when the Moroccan authorities, "in a humanitarian gesture," erected permanent gravestones. Local Jews did not know where the would-be olim had been laid to rest — or did not want to know. Nor were there any official records.

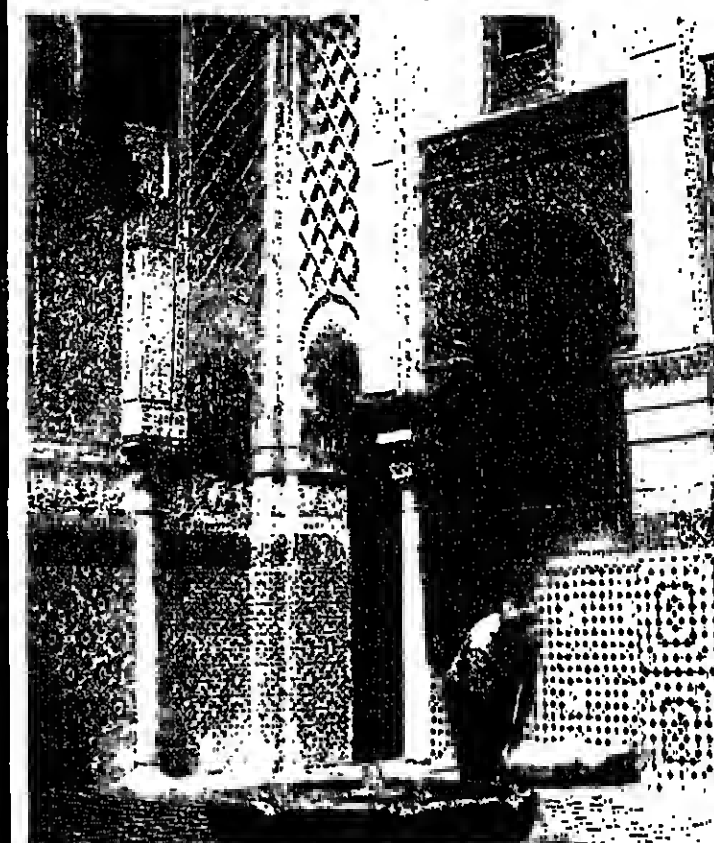
BEN-CHETRIT left for Morocco on April 28 as one of a group of 100 Israelis. His 99 travelling companions were primarily interested in taking part in the annual memorial feast over the grave of Amram Ben-Diwan in the town of Wazzan. Ironically, Ben-Diwan was an Ashkenazi emissary who went to Morocco from the Holy Land about a century ago to raise money for the Yishuv. He died soon after his arrival, and both Jews and Moslems regard his grave as a holy site.

"There are many tales of miracles regarding the place," says Ben-Chetrit. "After visiting the grave, the sick reportedly recover, and barren women become fertile. An old olive tree planted nearby remains green despite the smoke of the hundreds of candles that are kindled over the grave."

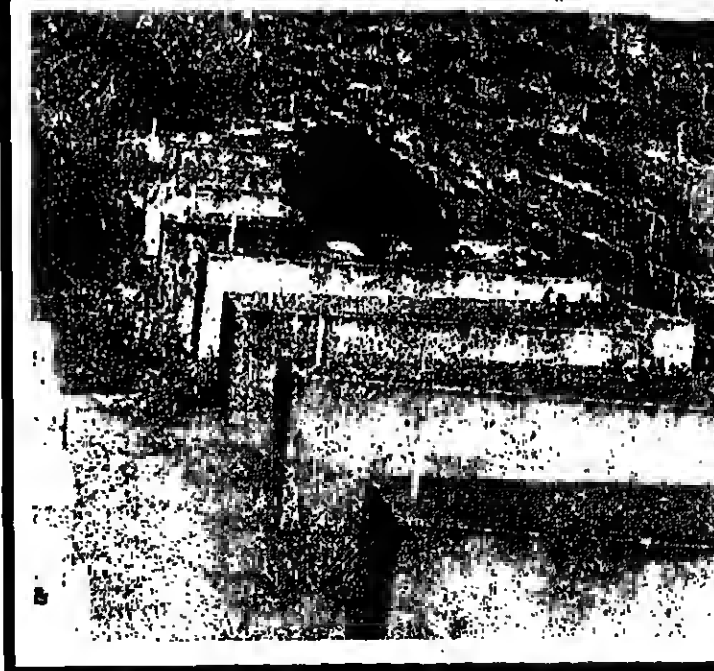
But Ben-Chetrit, who is head of Beyahad, the Israeli movement of intellectuals of North African

Moroccan discovery

On a visit to the land of his birth, Jerusalemite Sam Ben-Chetrit found the graves of 22 Jews who drowned on their way to the Promised Land. He tells his story to The Post's JUDY SIEGEL-ITZKOVICH.



(Above) Fes. (Below) Ben-Chetrit at graves of 22 Pisces victims.



origin, had several other aims during his first visit to Morocco in 20 years. Not only did he want to locate the burial site of the 22 Jews from the Pisces; he wanted to make an appeal to the Moroccan government to allow all Israelis to visit.

King Hassan II — for whom Ben-Chetrit has only praise — has issued an open invitation to Jews of Moroccan origin to apply for visas. The chairman of Beyahad would like this to be extended to all Israelis, "so that they can get to know and appreciate the wonderful land of Morocco."

Ben-Chetrit also wanted to see for himself how well the Moslems and the 20,000 remaining Jews in the country get along, as well as whether the Jewish holy sites and cemeteries are being properly maintained.

On reaching the Moroccan border after a long air and sea journey, the party of 100 Israelis were surprised by the authorities' warm reception. Other groups at the border were searched and had to wait for hours to cross. "But when we informed the police who we were, they greeted us as 'guests

of the great king' and passed us through the procedures in 10 minutes."

They were provided with security guards throughout the 20-day visit, but Ben-Chetrit says they were never needed, "because we were never in danger."

HE IMMEDIATELY set about finding the graves of the 22. Equipped with the names of all 43 who had been drowned, he began to search in Jewish cemeteries, but to no avail. The head of the Jewish community in Tetouan had no solid information, but a tip led Ben-Chetrit to make a 20-hour trip south to Marrakech through the awesome Kitama mountains. But the Jews of the Pisces were not buried in Marrakech.

Returning to the northern coast, Ben-Chetrit heard more rumours that led to Al-Hoceima. "I took a taxi and reached an area that served as cemeteries for Moslems, Christians and Jews."

The burial areas were separated and fenced off according to religion. The Jewish section had very old graves dating back hundreds of years, testifying to the fact that the place had been the home of Jewish settlers in past centuries. Then, climbing over a locked gate, Ben-Chetrit found 22 tombstones — five small ones encased in marble for the children, and 17 concrete blocks for the adults.

The fact that they were not marked by names, and that there were exactly 22 convinced him that he was standing on the burial site of the Pisces victims. Having brought with him a *talit* and prayer book, candles and flowers, Ben-Chetrit emotionally recited the *kaddish* and decorated the graves. Two Moslem watchmen who keep the Jewish graves completely free of litter and weeds, looked on in silence.

Ben-Chetrit hopes that eventually, the remains of the 22 will be reinterred in Israel. "I have no doubt that if a request is made by the families and by Beyahad for the transfer of the remains, the authorities will agree as a humanitarian gesture," he says. Meanwhile, he asked Henri Cadosh, the chairman of the Marrakech community, to find out whether there are any photographs of the corpses pulled out of the sea, and any information that will help to identify each grave.

WITH HIS PRIMARY mission accomplished, Ben-Chetrit was able to rediscover Morocco.

He found the country looking very little changed in the past 20 years, except that there are so many new hotels, the stores are well stocked and many "modern" women sport clothes by Yves St. Laurent and Pierre Cardin. People seem "content with their lot" and devoted to their king. Having survived an assassination attempt several years ago, Hassan, says Ben-Chetrit, is regarded by his subjects as "a divine representative."

Even though there are no diplomatic relations between Morocco and Israel, "the king regards the 500,000 Israelis of Moroccan origin as goodwill ambassadors on behalf of his country." That is why Ben-Chetrit hopes that all Israelis, whatever their origin, will soon be allowed to visit.

The Jews remaining in Morocco are mostly well off, centred in Casablanca, Marrakech, Tangier, Fez, Meknes, Tetouan and Mogador. In addition to the thousands of elderly Jews, the community includes merchants, civil

servants and skilled workers. The Jews have the use of a number of their own institutions, including old age homes, synagogues and schools that are run with financial support from the government. "I chatted with pupils in the Jewish school in Hebrew — and it was like Israeli Hebrew, not hesitant or mispronounced."

BY ROYAL command, says Ben-Chetrit, members of the government have to make appearances at synagogues around the country during the High Holydays, bringing the king's greetings. Hassan has also selected leading members of the community for "political assignments," for example, during the conflict with the Polisario over the Sahara. Jewish leaders are "regularly" invited to the palace.

Ben-Chetrit goes on describing the condition of the Jewish community in near-idyllic terms. "There is absolutely no intermarriage with the Moslems, and the Jews hold on to their religion. There is no anti-Semitism. They eat kosher food and are free to follow their observances. And I was moved and amazed by the way the authorities kept Jewish holy sites and cemeteries clean and protect them from outsiders." He adds that property left by the Jews who emigrated was not confiscated. He visited the grave of his father in Fez and that of his wife's grandfather in Marrakech, and found both in excellent condition.

Although the Jews appear to be thriving, with good incomes, new cars and servants, Ben-Chetrit was unable to locate any Moroccan-born Israelis who had returned to their native country for good. He heard of one family who had decided to stay, but it turned out that they had changed their minds. In the past year, six hundred Israelis have taken up the king's invitation to visit their birthplace.

"I was amazed by the excellent relations between the Jews and the Moslems," says Ben-Chetrit. "Middle Eastern wars have come and gone but they haven't affected this warm relationship. I attended a Jewish engagement party, and half of the guests were Moslems, sitting among the Jews and having a good time."

The secret of these close ties, he says, is that the average Moroccan is apolitical, leaving diplomacy to their king. "Even the announcement of the agreement between Israel and Lebanon on the withdrawal of Israeli troops was given at the very end of the TV news programme in a few words."

BEN-CHETRIT would like to visit Morocco again.

He hopes to lead a group of Israeli intellectuals and researchers to document the various Jewish holy places and locate archives of Jewish manuscripts. He would also like members of Beyahad to be invited to an international conference on the connection between Islam and Judaism in the Magreb.

An acrobatic troupe from Marrakech took part in Beyahad's Mitzuna celebrations in Jerusalem this year. He is hopeful that next year, an official representative will attend. Through Cadosh, chairman of the Marrakech community, Ben-Chetrit has invited the king himself. "He is not a fearful man. Perhaps he will come," he suggests. But if Hassan does not follow in the footsteps of the late Anwar Sadat to Jerusalem, the Beyahad chairman firmly believes, on the basis of "certain signs," that another senior personality, perhaps a government minister will attend the festivities. □

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SOME WAGS say that Israel is getting more and more like America, only it's 10 years behind. A visitor to Australia cannot but make the same comparison, while remarking that the giant island continent is perhaps only five years behind.

The entire Australian life-style is reminiscent of Big Brother's, from the gold-tinted, one-way glass of the high-rise office buildings in Sydney and Melbourne, to the ubiquitous back-yard swimming pools, to the content of network television programmes, with the Australian morning TV news and talk show even being called *Good Morning Australia*.

One of the important differences in this regard between Israel and Australia is that, whereas many Israelis are foolish enough to take the comparison as a compliment, Aussies generally resent the remark and the underlying implication of cultural dependence.

For an Israeli like myself on a five week hasbara mission to the antipodes, the local media's dependence on U.S. and British sources went a long way towards explaining the attitudes they showed towards Israel in reporting the dramatic events of the last year in Lebanon.

It is the emphasis projected by the American and British media that predetermines the Middle East perceptions held by their antipodean counterparts. But there is a difference in nuance between the Australians, who are much more under the influence of the American media, and the New Zealanders, who are under the spell of London.

At a lunch meeting with a group of Labour members of the state government and parliament in Perth, the capital of Western Australia, the first question I was asked concerned the "poisoning" of Arab girls on the West Bank. I found it strange that politicians busy with local affairs at the other end of the world — and Perth is one of the most isolated urban centres anywhere — should be aware of such a parochial "event" 10,000 kms. away.

The fact that they were, and that they were impelled to ask about it, was less an indication of native Australian bias against Israel than of the power of Western news agencies, which had chosen to highlight that PLO gimmick of early April. The subsequent report by international investigators who dismissed the incident as a case of mass hysteria, rated only an inch or so in the best papers, and nothing at all on TV.

A COLLEAGUE on a similar hasbara mission last September, at the height of the dramatic events in Beirut but just before the massacre in Salva and Shatilla, returned to Israel to write a jeremiad on the depths to which Israel had sunk in Australian public opinion.

But today, eight months later, the atmosphere has changed, no doubt because the tenor and emphasis in the main foreign sources feeding the local media, have shifted, subtly, but quite noticeably.

My Jewish hosts who arranged meetings for me, with a large number of editors, radio and TV producers and reporters, often took pains to brief me on the "hostility to Israel" and even the "anti-Semitism" of some of the men I was going to see. However, in almost every case, my impressions were very different.

The main problem, I found, was not so much bias as a lack of the

Unfocused views

Distance from Middle East realities makes it difficult to discern anti-Israel bias, finds The Jerusalem Post's YOSEF GOELL, on a hasbara mission to Australia and New Zealand.



background knowledge needed to assess the importance of news items and features coming in from abroad — without this, they couldn't identify bias when they saw it.

The exceptions were the editors of the national daily paper, *The Australian*, and some of the producers at the Australian Broadcasting Corporation.

To be sure, one cannot blame only the media treatment from abroad. During the four weeks I was in Australia, I also noted blatantly prejudiced contributions from independent Australian sources.

Dr. Jean Calder, a violently anti-Israel physician who had worked as a volunteer with the Palestinian Red Crescent in the Beirut camps, was interviewed several times on television. She had recently been expelled from Beirut by what she called "the authorities," but she hardly took the trouble to mention that they were Lebanese authorities in the American-occupied sector of the city. This did not stop her from levelling extreme but vague charges of brutality against Israeli forces who had not been in that part of Beirut for over half a year! The interviewer simply didn't know enough to challenge her.

A more blatant case was that of an Australian radio correspondent in Washington, D.C., who broadcast a lengthy analysis of American attitudes to Israel. The broadcast was ostensibly well balanced, since it included interviews with former congressman Paul McCloskey and a lobbyist with AIPAC, as well as the U.S. assistant secretary of state for Middle Eastern affairs. However, the questions were as biased as could be.

Speaking of AIPAC, the interviewer asked McCloskey what he thought of the "sinister" influence of the Israeli lobby in Washington. It took the avowedly anti-Israel McCloskey to put him down and point out that, while he opposed what AIPAC stood for, it was not in the

least sinister but well within the American political tradition of legal lobbying.

The interviewer's question to the assistant secretary of state was no less tendentious. Noting that the U.S. administration had the power to "twist Israel's arm to make her behave," he went on to ask whether it was not strange that the U.S. did not make use of that power. The dry reply was that the U.S. was not in the business of twisting the arms of its friends, including Israel.

The number of such cases of



obvious bias was clearly much higher last summer, at the height of the Lebanese war. Australian Jews were so hurt by that sort of treatment that they have not paid much attention to the fact that the number of such incidents has decreased. They have the hypersensitivity to criticism of Israel that is characteristic of truly committed friends and supporters of this country when they are far from the scene. Distance from the realities of Israel and the Middle East tends to deprive them too of the balance needed for evaluating news and criticism.

It is difficult but necessary to tell these friends, especially the engaged members of Jewish communities, that not all criticism is

biased, and that there is enough real bias and hostility for one not to waste limited resources and emotions on imaginary attacks.

The anti-Israel bias that exists is concentrated almost entirely in the left wings of the Labour parties in both Australia and New Zealand. In Australia, Labour is the ruling party both in the federal government and in four of the most populous of the six states. In New Zealand, Labour is in opposition but has good chances of winning the next election.

Generally speaking, main-line Labourites are invariably disposed to Israel, although they are hostile to the Begin government. A man who heard Australian Prime Minister Bob Hawke — an outstanding friend of Israel — describe a meeting with Begin (before Hawke came to power), spoke of it as "catastrophic."

The left-wing in Labour in both countries is in opposition to the mainstream leadership on a long list of issues, ranging from the Middle East to the Vietnam-Kampuchea imbroglio, to opposition to an American nuclear presence in the South Pacific and general guilt feelings in regard to the Third World.

As in Western Europe, the influence of the left is felt mainly in academic circles, among some people in the media and among a small number of leftist Labourites in positions of power in Australia. While this influence is vexing to supporters of Israel, it should not be exaggerated. Basic antipathy to the Arabs is much stronger.

MY OWN experience with PLO supporters among these leftists was instructive. In lectures to university audiences, there were nearly always one or two such representatives taking up the cudgels for the PLO. By the third sentence it nearly always became clear that the speaker was less interested in the PLO — about which he didn't know very much —

than in the aborigines and other regional and Third World causes, which he extended to include the PLO.

Jewish students at these universities, emotionally involved as they were on Israel's side, reported a drop in interest in the whole Israel-Palestinian issue among the general student body in recent months.

I believe there is evidence to back up an argument that fashionable support for the PLO may be on the way out, even among the academic and political left. This fashion arose when the Vietnam War disappeared from the headlines. It seems possible that the PLO as an issue may have run its course, too, and may be supplanted in the coming months by some other Third World controversy.

There are indications of direct Arab and PLO involvement in Australia. Gaddafi has been especially active in financing trips for Australian journalists and politicians to Libya. There is governmental and business interest in selling Australian goods and agricultural expertise to such countries as Iraq, and New Zealand nutmen to the Middle East. But my impression was that, deep down, hostility to the Arabs was still a more potent factor than the considerations generated by these Arab contacts.

ISRAELI hasbara to the media tends to be weak and ineffective. Part of the problem derives from the fact that there are relatively few Jews in the news media. The importance of encouraging young Jews to work in the media is just beginning to dawn on the leaders of the Jewish communities.

The other problem is that it is clearly impossible to do effective work on the image of a Begined Israel. The conclusion to be drawn is that hasbara should concentrate on explaining Israel "in spite of" the Begin image." But this obviously is a line that cannot be effectively pursued by official representatives of the Israel government. The result is ineffective hasbara.

The main exceptions to this argument are the small groups of fundamentalist Christians, who tend to be strongly pro-Israel, and especially pro-Begin's Israel.

As a critic of Begin, I found it especially important to undermine the diabolical image he has acquired. In Australia I used every opportunity to remind my audiences that "the devil" Menachem Begin had decided to allow into Israel the Vietnamese hunt people who were facing death by drowning in the South China Sea six years ago. I also noted that the decision was almost Begin's first act as prime minister.

WHILE HASBARA may leave much to be desired, it is only fair to cite one example of an information success. Everyone I met — politicians, media people, and other opinion-moulders — who had been on officially sponsored trips to Israel, had returned home immensely impressed with the country and its political positions in the ongoing war with the Arabs.

Several Australian Labourites who had visited Israel told me that they hadn't realized how small the country was and how unrealistic and unfair it was to expect Israel to retreat from the Golan Heights and the West Bank.

When I remarked that they must have heard and read those arguments countless times, they admitted as much, but added that seeing the reality for themselves made all the difference.

"IF I HAD wanted to chronicle the good things Israeli soldiers did for the civilian population in Lebanon and the Palestinians, I could have filled three books," declares Dov Irmiya, formerly of the Israel Defence Forces aid unit for South Lebanon. "But I am not interested in showing that we are merely better than others, better than the Syrians or the PLO or the Lebanese themselves. We have to be perfect."

The 69-year-old sgan-aluf, the oldest reservist officer to have served in the Lebanese war and one of that war's bitterest critics, is the personification of the old Yishuv. With grey hair and moustache, and a deeply lined face, he speaks with the fervour of an ancient prophet and the conviction of a left-wing Zionist ideologue. Almost a year after the start of Operation Peace for Galilee, he is more convinced than ever that the whole campaign was a disastrous blunder.

His career spans the struggle for Jewish statehood. He served in the Hagana in the Jezreel Valley in the 1930s, volunteered for the British army in World War II, smuggled "illegal" immigrants, served as company commander and deputy-battalion commander in the IDF, taught Hebrew to immigrants and joined a kibbutz.

Regional commander of Kiryat Shmona in the Six Day War, he later founded the civil defence in Nahariya, where he still lives. He was cited for his part in the battle with a terrorist gang that attacked Nahariya. He became head of security in the Gazon (Western Galilee) region. He served in the IDF aid unit for South Lebanon in Operation Litani and during the first months of the recent war.

His opposition to official Israeli policy towards the Arabs goes back a long way. He refused the post of military commander of Nazareth in 1952 because of opposition to the military government imposed on Israeli Arabs at that time.

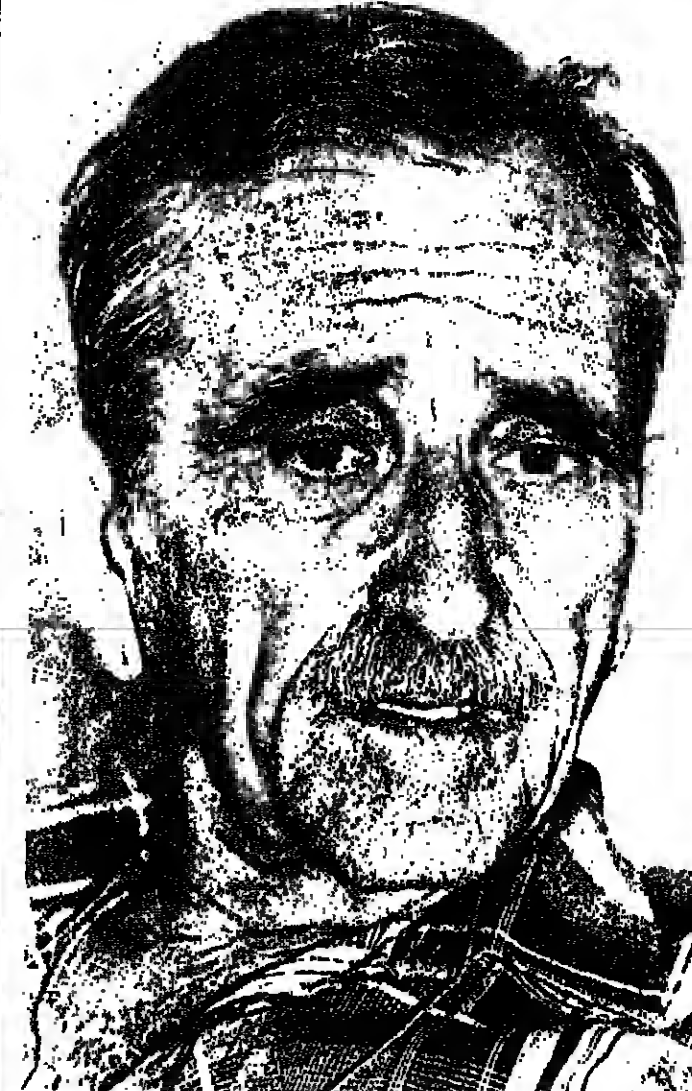
Since being ousted from the IDF aid unit last year after he "went public" with his public criticism of the aid operation, he has been the driving force behind a Jewish-Arab committee for assistance to the refugees. He is well known in Tyre and Sidon and in the refugee camps, to which he brought clothing and equipment and (in recent days) prefabricated huts for classrooms.

AFTER publishing a number of articles and giving interviews in which he criticized not only the war itself, but also the conduct of IDF soldiers and specifically of his own aid unit, he privately published *My War Diary*. "I was writing in Hebrew, speaking to my people, my army and my children," he says. "But I don't accept the thesis that I am giving ammunition to our enemies. It is our actions that harm Israel, not what people write about those actions."

Irmiya's diary does not tell a pretentious story. He maintains that the claim of *rohar h'neshet* (fighting clean) covered up a lot of brutality and insensitivity on the part of the IDF. He does report humane behaviour by soldiers. But his main purpose was to expose the embarrassing things.

He asserts that in the first days after the conquest of Tyre and Sidon, curfews and harassment of the local population were out of all proportion to the danger of terrorist attacks on IDF troops. The aid unit not only did not operate well, the army actually hindered the efforts of the Lebanese to help themselves.

Many officers in the aid unit showed a marked lack of sympathy for the plight of the local popula-



Senior critic

'If we can risk our lives to kill, we can risk our lives to give aid and comfort,' says Dov Irmiya. The oldest IDF officer to have served in Lebanon outlines his complaints in an interview with The Jerusalem Post's DANIEL GAVRON.

tion, although they were under orders to extend maximum assistance. He cites the example of refusing to allow a supply ship, chartered from Cyprus by a local millionaire, to land its cargo. Some officers accused the locals of hoarding food.

When Minister of Economic Coordination Ya'acov Meridor visited Sidon, he was given an upbeat briefing by local commanders and told that the local population was deliberately sabotaging IDF efforts. In Irmiya's view, this was totally untrue.

Irmiya reports that when Meridor was asked what should be done with the refugees, the minister gestured with his hands northwards and said: "Push them out and don't let them

come back." This attitude from the top, maintains Irmiya, permeated down to the ranks and led to a combination of brutality and apathy.

In the book's most striking passage, Irmiya describes the prolonged detention of 500-600 locals in a monastery yard in Sidon: the prisoners sat in rows in the sun, hands tied behind their backs, hungry, thirsty, frightened and (in some cases) wounded. IDF soldiers passed down the rows, beating the men with clubs and pulling them into line by their hair.

One prisoner sat propped against a pillar and an armed IDF officer repeatedly kicked him in the face, which was already swollen and bleeding. When Irmiya remonstrated, he was told: "This

man is dangerous. He has been trying to loosen his bonds. I am making an example of him. We don't want them to stick a knife in our backs."

A colonel sat nearby like a statue and did not intervene. Later the officer who administered the beating came to Irmiya and said: "Look, maybe you should make up your minds. The battalion commander told us to be tough with them. Now you look displeased. Can you give us clear orders?"

I ASK IRMIYA whether his diary does not give an exaggerated picture, emphasizing the negative and skating over the positive. I did not see signs of a terrorized population on my own visits to Lebanon, I tell him.

"Look here," he says, "I did not say that we were going through the streets murdering and beating up people. There is no doubt that the Lebanese and the refugees were impressed with the IDF's behaviour. Compared with the Syrians and the PLO, or even compared with the way the Lebanese treat each other, the IDF behaved well. But facts are facts."

"Eight people died in captivity during those first three days in Sidon. I have their names. Whether they died from beating, or thirst, or hunger, or heart attacks, I don't know. But no one has been tried and I doubt whether anyone will be. For me this is a catastrophe."

There has been a notable change in attitude and standards of behaviour since the Litani Operation, asserts Irmiya. He had served under Binyamin Ben-Eliezer then, and the assistance effort had been superb. The orders had come from then-defence minister Ezer Weizman, and the chief of staff, Krosene, food, clothing, blankets and prefabricated housing were brought in. Everything possible had been done to aid the refugees. "Fud [Ben-Eliezer] worked us like slaves," he says admiringly.

This time the attitude was entirely different, says Irmiya. He quotes an officer in the aid unit as saying, "the less help they get the better," and a soldier's statement: "Give them poison — not assistance." When Irmiya took the initiative, travelling day and night among the civilian population and the refugees to try to help, he was rebuked for "taking risks."

"I told my CO that if we can risk our lives to kill, we can risk our lives to bring aid and comfort," he says proudly.

I point out that, despite his report of Meridor's "instruction" concerning the refugees, they had not in fact been expelled. How does he explain this? He attributes it more to bad management than to goodwill. Deporting thousands of refugees is a complicated logistical operation, he says, and insufficient thought was given to it. "Anyway, if you take the men and put them in the Ansar detention camp, the families are not going to move out."

Some assistance units did operate well, says Irmiya, singling out Zvi Elpeleg and his people in Nabatiya. Many IDF soldiers, particularly in the combat units, behaved with decency and humanity. But his own unit, despite being under orders to assist the stricken population, was often heartless and obstructive, or at best apathetic.

IRMIYA MAINTAINS that the steady decline in standards in the country, and specifically in the IDF, led to the Lebanon war. The degeneration started a long time ago, as soon as the army became professional. Israel had to be strong, he concedes, but a country that lives

on its strength must inevitably suffer a decline in morality. As soon as officers began to travel in luxurious cars and to have professional ambition, the spirit of the Palmah was lost, he says. The Palmah was unique in that its soldiers were also farmers.

He believes there are still fine officers in the IDF, particularly in the combat units; but the quality of army officers is not what it once was.

In his diary, Irmiya records his disgust at the way religious soldiers fervently sang Shabbat songs on the first Friday night of the war. "I hate them," he wrote. "I am ashamed to belong to a people which can sing over dead bodies."

Challenged on this passage, he does not retract. "They were singing to celebrate the victory as well as Shabbat," he says. "All I could think of then was the smell of rotting corpses."

A self-confessed atheist, he dislikes organized religion and is depressed by the increasing number of skill-caps he sees in the streets. Playwright Yehoshua Slobol's statement that "Judaism is overwhelming Zionism" may be correct. The traditional Jewish hatred of the goy, the justified result of persecution, has been perverted to an irrational hatred of the Arab, which is not unlike anti-Semitism.

Irmiya is deeply pessimistic about the state of the nation. What is happening on the West Bank is worse than what happened in Lebanon, he believes. If the occupation continues, so will the decline in national standards. "It isn't just our behaviour in the territories," he insists, "but the insane direction of our national resources there, which apparently even the Americans cannot stop."

Zionism succeeded as long as it was moral, he asserts. If it becomes immoral, it is doomed. He believes that a new "Arab Zionism" might prevail; he points out that it is also based on a yearning for "Zion," Jerusalem. He thinks that Israel has created a hostile Palestinian state by conflict, where it could have helped establish a friendly neighbour to share the territory of the Land of Israel.

HISTORICALLY, he avers, the Jewish people has always destroyed itself from within. Last time around it was the Zealots who fought Rome and ensured Israel's destruction, and "today the zealots are running things again."

If he does not see a light at the end of the tunnel, would he advise his children to leave Israel? "No. Never. I cannot conceive of such a thing. One thing I haven't given up in the struggle for what I believe in." He finds his answer in action, throwing himself into the work of his Jewish-Arab relief committee. The latest project, prefabs for classrooms, is about to be consummated, after endless bureaucratic delays.

"During the war, when I got depressed, I concentrated on getting another water tanker to the prisoners. I fought to get food and clothing. Today, outside the IDF framework, I am going to get those huts into the Ein Hilwe refugee camp."

The committee — half of whose members are Jews, and the other half, Arabs from Qalilee — is a good example of inter-communal cooperation. But it is short of money. "We desperately need some 153 million," he says. "The committee members work on a voluntary basis. The cash goes for the refugees."

THE MESSAGE is so high-pitched that human antennae convey only an echo sense that something is being transmitted. A visitor in Cairo suspects that what he is hearing is a tremendous statement about the human condition, even if he is not sure what it is.

At first glance, a car running a red light under the dispirited gaze of a traffic policeman too helpless in the chaos about him to even look annoyed seems to symbolize the surrender of urban civilization.

This quick insight, however, is counterbalanced by the realization that the melée of Cairo is matched by an even more extraordinary sweetness of disposition on the part of its inhabitants. To see humanity flourishing in this ant-hill is to touch a mystery.

IT WAS Friday morning and crowds surged in and out of the large mosque in the medieval quarter of Cairo. Uncertain whether non-Muslims could enter during prayers, I inquired of a man in Western dress coming out. Yes, it was all right to go in, he said. He was in his early 30s, wore glasses and spoke good English.

As the crowds started to jostle us apart, I said, "I'm a journalist and would like to talk with you. Would you have time for coffee later?" He sidestepped the throng and went inside with me.

The cathedral-like space was at once awesome and homely. At the rear of the mosque, men lay casually on the beautiful rugs, some of them napping, one reading a newspaper. This informality bespoke not irreverence, but an intimacy with the house of worship reminiscent of a shleibel. At the front, a group of about 30 men moved in a circle in a dervish-like dance, periodically jumping in unison and repeating the same chant over and over.

"We find it difficult when we pray to clear our heads of distracting thoughts," said my companion. "These people are trying to do that by praying in this way."

When we left the mosque, it became clear that he had joined me out of politeness, for his family was waiting for him in a car around the corner. It was the anniversary of his father's death and they were on the way to the cemetery.

My companion, Ahmed, turned out to be a doctor. He introduced me to his family, including a bright-eyed five-year-old daughter who spoke English, and said he would stop by my hotel in the evening.

WHEN HE CAME we agreed to avoid politics and were partially successful. As we sat in the cafe of the Nile-side hotel, filled with Western and Japanese businessmen and moneyed Egyptians, he quoted a passage from the Koran describing how Mohammed, near despair, is encouraged by God.

"Your Lord has not forsaken you and the latter portion will be better than the former. Did He not find you an orphan and protect you? Did He not find you wandering and direct you? Did He not find you destitute and enrich you?"

The passage was from a section of the Koran known as the Doha, or late morning hours, and Ahmed said he had named his daughter Doha because of its meaning to him.

"When life gets hard I read this passage. It gives me strength. If we didn't believe, how could we go on?" He did not go to the mosque every day nor did he recite the five daily prayers, but he was a believer and so, he said, was very Moslem.

Ahmed wanted to show me Cairo in his ear, but there was a woman in

Beyond the chaos

Egypt is clearly more than 'the sum of its calamities,' writes ABRAHAM RABINOVICH. He felt 'the apparent triumph of human temperament in adversity' on a visit to Cairo last month.



wanted to pick up first, a former patient named Mimi. "She'll probably say no, but I want to try to get her out of the house," he had operated on her years before, he told me, and saved her life. Since then she had been part of the family.

IT WAS ABOUT 9 o'clock and the chaotic traffic had ebbed. The car ran around once trying to breast a hump in the road where repairs were underway, but some youngsters appeared out of the shadows and pushed it over. Ahmed seemed to regard it as natural that the youngsters in this slum area had come not to taunt or store but to help.

Mimi's apartment-house had once known grandeur — a large, arched entranceway and an impressive facade. It was now coated with the thick layer of the dust that the street was strewn with large pieces of stone dug up in nearby excavations for Cairo's long-mooted subway system.

It was a short, bent woman in her 50s who opened the door. She ushered us into her salon, formal and depressing, but Ahmed said, "We're not guests, Mimi. Let's sit in the kitchen."

Mimi was a Copt, who had taught French in a private school until her illness. She had extraordinarily large eyes — offputting until one sensed their warmth and directness. She seemed unselfconscious about the clutter of the dim-lit kitchen or the ranches. A half-eaten pizza pie sent by an upstairs neighbour could be politely declined, but there was no way of refusing the bitter-tasting date juice Mimi had made herself.

Upon learning that I was from Israel, she produced an envelope with a Florida postmark. She explained through Ahmed that it was from a Jewish woman, a former

neighbour, who had married an Egyptian Moslem in Cairo and returned to her native America after his death. The woman — Mimi called her Tante — was inviting Mimi to come and live with her there.

Mimi was tempted, said Ahmed, but she would not go because she was too involved with friends in Cairo. "She is always helping people. I come to her with my problems too."

As we drove up into the Mukattem hills for a view of Cairo by night, Mimi fell silent. "She's worried about the house watchman's daughter," said Ahmed. The 16-year-old girl, it seemed, had been married off by her parents to a wealthy farmer in Upper Egypt. She did not want to live in the provinces, particularly not for a groom who had little education. The wedding had been held in the village the previous week, and the day after her parents returned to Cairo the girl had fled. She had not returned home and was still missing. "Her parents are to blame," said Mimi with feeling.

The main streets of Cairo's residential quarters were still alive with people as we drove back to my hotel just before midnight and said goodbye. What I had witnessed that night was a network of relations that seemed to include a people who have not walled themselves off from each other, a people with a remarkable sense of caring. A tiny sampling, to be sure, on which to base generalities. But this theme was to be reinforced in future encounters.

SUFFERING a bad case of "gypsy tummy," the Cairo sewer system gurgles up to street level about a hundred times a day. Generally, it is a smallish inundation at some street intersection which the crowds skirt without taking much notice and

which subsides on its own. Sometimes it is like an elephantine plague visited on the Egyptians as an afterthought.

Last December, apocalypse arrived. Two million people in neighbourhoods on the west bank of the Nile, including some of the most expensive in the city, had raw sewage running through their streets as a result of the failure of two major force-mains, which were supposed to have been replaced five years earlier. For two weeks, until round-the-clock repairs were completed, drinking water was cut off for a day or two at a time because of the danger of contamination.

If the focus of national aspirations in pharaonic times was the grandeur of the pyramids, there is today no greater physical concern in Egypt than the sewer systems of the big cities. It is a major political issue, not only because riots over sewer flooding have already taken lives, but because it is a significant yardstick of the quality of life the government can deliver. Built to serve two million people earlier in the century, the Cairo system is now used by some 5-6 million.

"It will take \$2 billion to modernize the Cairo sewer system," says an American AID official in the capital. "We have a five year plan, and when it's done, the system will serve 10 to 12 million people." A quarter of the funding is to be American, a quarter British and the rest provided by the Egyptian government. There appeared to be some doubt in foreign quarters about the government's ability to muster the money, the management of the project, or the political will to see it through — but hope still prevailed.

SEWERS are only part of Cairo's physical problems. "The whole infrastructure is being held together by band-aids," said one foreign official. "The deeper you get into the

problems, the more intractable they seem."

A contrary opinion was expressed by an American trouble-shooter who has served as a consultant in Calcutta and elsewhere in the Third World. "There's no question that Cairo is at a turn-around point. It always looks worst just before it starts to get better, partially because of the very efforts you're investing — such as digging up the streets for a subway."

Cairo's population was two million in 1974, when the population began pouring in from the countryside. The built-up Cairo region today contains close to nine million.

To siphon off population, Egypt is building a ring of new towns around the capital. "We are building them in the desert and not along the Nile, because we don't want to build on arable land," says a government planner. "There isn't much left."

IT WAS A CASE of possible manslaughter or criminal negligence — two young American visitors fighting in the hotel corridor and crashing into the door of an elevator shaft with such force that it swung inward, sending the youths hurtling down five storeys. One was killed and one survived.

The pretty receptionist looked flustered when a foreign journalist said he would like to see where the accident had happened. She consulted with someone on the telephone in Arabic and said, "The manager says there's nothing to see."

"Please call the manager back and tell him that if there's nothing to see, there's no reason why I can't see it. But if he refuses, people abroad are going to know that this hotel has something to hide."

After another brief telephone consultation she said, "The manager will be happy to see you."

The manager turned out to be a middle-aged woman whose pleasant face was marred with a nervous smile. A fatal accident in one of the hotel's 23-storey buildings where workmen were making repairs in one of the two elevator shafts. The elevators were not some jerry-built local product, but modern-looking Otis imports. They had been installed two years earlier, the manager said, by a French company. After explaining in detail what had happened, she invited me to her office for tea. We were joined by the hotel's white-haired engineering consultant.

AS WE WAITED for the tea, a woman in her early 20s entered. Her head was covered by the kerchief worn by religious women. She seemed a product of the Islamic societies encouraged on the campuses by the late Anwar Sadat as a counter to the communists before he realized that he had helped to create a radical right-wing entity. "We were not introduced, but the tea was a long time coming and I ventured to address this representative of Militant Islam."

"May I ask what your headscarf signifies?" She turned out to be the manager's daughter. Her pale, bespectacled face, which had seemed inanimate before, came alive with a brilliant smile as she spoke, rendering her beautiful.

She had adopted the veil three years before while a student, she said. "It happened suddenly, all over Egypt, to all my friends as well."

How had it changed her life? "Well, I don't go swimming any more, for one thing."

"She used to swim like a fish," said her mother, with what seemed a mixture of pride and regret.

There were swimming clubs open exclusively to women twice a week, said the daughter, but they are "not sure" because waiters or the like might suddenly pass through.

She had graduated in English literature and a few months ago had married a man who worked in a bank. "He's very religious," said her mother. She didn't sound particularly happy about it.

How do young religious people meet?

"Through friends or relatives," said the girl. "A meeting is arranged and you come calling with your family. Yes, the boy and girl can go out on the balcony and talk privately. Why not?"

How does a girl who wears the veil get along with a mother who doesn't?

The mother smiled into the near distance with what seemed tolerance and affection, as if she'd been through many a good-natured argument on the subject with her daughter.

Said the girl: "You don't have to be religious to be good."

I asked if she went to the cinema.

"Not any more."

"The theatre?"

"Well, only if it's something special."

"Do you wear the veil abroad?"

"I did last year when I went to Kuwait."

"Do you wear it in Europe?"

A smile. "Not in Europe."

Despite her veil, I said, she didn't seem very much cut off from the world. "Why should I be?" she said, "I'm alive to the world. I like people very much. I'm not an extremist. If I were, I wouldn't talk to a stranger like you said."

"Here in Egypt," put in the avuncular engineer, "we're moderate in all things, even extremism."

MOST OF THE Islamic experts I had spoken to didn't think so. Religious extremism was definitely on the rise, they said. It had killed Anwar Sadat. However, a young diplomat, a man who had lived with an Egyptian family while studying Arabic, had told me that the university students had been attracted to Islam because it offered "a life package — an answer to the problems of life."

This description seemed to fit the hotel manager's daughter. And Dr. Ahmed as well. In the crush of life, amidst the dirt and crowds and noise of Cairo, they had found in Islam consolation and meaning. Again, how representative they are is something that an untutored visitor cannot know. But alongside the Mosque Militant, there is clearly also a human face.

IT CAME where least expected — passing through a village of largely mud huts on the road to the Step Pyramid outside Cairo. It was a message in indecipherable Hebrew painted in large black letters on a whitewashed wall: "Fur jackets sold here cheaply."

HIS WHITE turban indicated that he was not a waiter, only a busboy who removed the coffee cups from the café tables. Yet he said he worked by day in the Defense Ministry and his dignified posture and measured speech gave room for speculation as to what he did there.

My companion, a Western academic who spoke Arabic, asked what he thought of Sadat's trip to Jerusalem and of the Americans.

He favoured Sadat's initiative and

he praised the Americans "for trying to make two of her friends friends of each other." But when asked what he thought of Sadat's open door policy that had brought back foreign investors in large numbers, and a blossoming Egyptian layer of affluence, there was no hint of diplomatic niceties. "I'm against it because it makes the rich richer and the poor poorer."

SOCIAL TENSIONS that may become dangerous, religious tensions that already are, arable land ominously shrinking, population devastatingly growing, a physical infrastructure held together by band-aids and an economy in need of prayer. All this and politics too.

Yet even for a first-time visitor, Egypt is clearly not the sum of its calamities. One feels its timeless depth and, somewhere beneath the din, its serenity. Above all, there is the apparent triumph of human temperament in adversity. Perhaps that is the message one is hearing.

World Bank Photo

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Organization for the Implementation of the Social Security Agreement (Israel-West Germany) To Israeli Citizens, Whatever their Religion or Country of Origin

In the face of the pressure—
WE ARE MAKING A LAST EFFORT
to help all who have not yet registered to
obtain a retirement/disability pension from Germany
ONLY UNTIL JUNE 3

Under the agreement signed between the governments of Israel and West Germany, every Israeli citizen is entitled to join the West German social security programme, irrespective of his religion or country of origin, up to June 13, 1983. The scheme covers all Israeli citizens living within the green line who do not have German citizenship.

There is less than a month left to register.

The Organization for the

Here is the opinion of the experts:

Organizations of the Disabled and Other Organizations and Institutions that have received registration forms for their members

are asked to let us have these immediately, filled in and signed, to allow us to effect registration at the West German National Pensions Office in time.

Twice as good as any Israeli pension scheme

The yield of the German social security scheme has been checked by actuaries, including Mr. Yitzhak Gless, formerly chief actuary of the Histadrut's pension funds. It was found that, in most cases, the German scheme gives one twice (or more) what any comparable Israeli scheme yields.

How much would one pay in a comparable scheme in this country?

In order to receive a monthly payment of DM381/month, one would have to invest in an Israeli scheme the equivalent of:

at age 30	DM 36,721
at age 40	DM 44,459
at age 50	DM 53,283
at age 60	DM 52,180

Details of the German social security scheme:

- The German social security benefits do not replace benefits due from the Israel National Insurance Institute, or from other provident funds. The German benefits are paid in addition.
- Monthly payments are made in Deutsche marks. In the following categories:
 - Retirement pension — payable at 65 (men and women). If you meet certain

German and Israel national insurance criteria, you may be eligible for a pension even before this age.

B. Disability benefit — for full or partial disablement.

C. Child allowance of DM 150/month/child for those receiving allowances — for parents with children not yet 18, or — if the child is still studying — not yet 25.

D. Survivor's pension — for widows and orphans of persons who died between October 18, 1972 and June 12, 1980.

E. Pension for the widow of an insured person — in the case of the death of the insured person, the monthly payment to the widow is 80% for the rest of her life.

3. The insured person pays a "joining the fund" premium. The amount paid is chosen by the person concerned — a number of levels are available. The benefit is determined by the level of the premium, plus the number of years the person concerned has studied.

The premium may be paid in instalments over three years, or as a one-time payment at the end of the 3 year period.

You need pay nothing at the present stage.

* The Organization for the Implementation of the Agreement has undertaken to make it possible for tens of thousands of Israelis to realize their rights in the short time left.

* The Organization will assist those who apply to it to register with the German social insurance institute, and will give them financial advice on the degree to which the scheme is worthwhile for them.

* The Organization will NOT be concerned with the transfer of premiums. The currency control law requires such payments to be made by direct transfer from the bank account of the insured person to the German social insurance institute, via an Israeli Bank.

* The account of the insured person will be debited DM 35 + VAT for registration with the German social security institute. This debit will be made only after confirmation of registration at the German institute.

* At the present stage, all you have to do is come and register. You pay nothing now. There will be plenty of time after the end of the registration period for the filling in of the necessary forms, obtaining necessary advice, determining the fees of the lawyer in Germany, etc.

* If you register today, it gives you the right to join the scheme, but does not obligate you to pay the premium. If you later decide not to join, you will be debited only with the DM 35 registration fee.

* Please bring your identity card with you.

* Therefore, even those who have not yet finally decided should register immediately, in order not to forfeit their rights.

Zvi Avrahami
Chairman, Organization for the Implementation of the Social Security Agreement (Israel-West Germany)

How much do you pay — and how much do you receive?

The following table gives examples of investment possibilities — and the sums received:

Amount invested per month in 3 years*	DM 287	DM 411	DM 539	DM 842
You receive:				
No. of years of study after age 18				
0 years	DM 852	DM 1,872	DM 3,158	DM 4,572
2 years	DM 1,548	DM 2,588	DM 3,840	DM 5,232
4 years	DM 2,232	DM 3,252	DM 4,524	DM 5,892
6 years	DM 2,916	DM 3,936	DM 5,208	DM 6,552
8 years	DM 3,600	DM 4,620	DM 5,892	DM 7,212

* The payment may also be made as a one-time payment, 3 years after joining. Note: Once a year, the payments are increased, in line with the rise in the average wage in West Germany. It is thus reasonable to expect a rise in the pension every year.

For whom is the scheme particularly advantageous?

- People aged 50 or more, since they will start to receive a pension at 65 (or earlier, in accordance with the regulations of the German and Israeli social security schemes).
- Widows of those who died between October 18, 1972 and June 12, 1980, as they will be able to submit a request to join the fund as a successor to the deceased person, and they will be able to obtain a pension immediately, and receive it for life.
- Disabled persons — fully or partially disabled — including ICF disabled. In most cases, they will be able to obtain a disability benefit immediately — for life.
- People with higher education, since the pension they receive is related to the number of years they have studied, but the premium remains the same.

Applications received after June 3 CANNOT BE DEALT WITH.

Registration Centres in the big towns will open Saturday night.

TEL AVIV
Asoria Hotel
(opp. the
Dolphinarium)
Room 521

JERUSALEM
Apertal
214 Rehov Yafa
(near Sarai Yisrael
corner)

HAIFA
Zion Hotel
5 Rehov Beerwald
(behind the
Municipality
building)

BEERSHEBA
Zohar Hotel
Shazar Ave.
(opp. Beit Ha'em)

These centres will open SATURDAY NIGHT from 7 to 11 p.m., during the coming week — from 9 a.m. till 8 p.m. continuously. Friday — till 3 p.m. Because of the shortness of the time available, telephone calls cannot be accepted.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BRURIA — Gali Lev and Ruth Widor in a dramatization of Talmudic and Midrashic sources (Pargod, 94 Bezalet, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

GIMPEL TAM — Khan Theatre production. Musical comedy based on the story by I. Eshet Singer. (Behar Centre, 11 Bezalet, tomorrow and Sunday)

YORIM AL HASHAYUA — Political satire by Ephraim Sidor and B. Michael. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow and Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ACTORS VS. AUDIENCE — By Peter Hunk. Directed by Tami Lederer. (Jaffa, Binia, 8 Mazal Ovgim, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

BORDERLINE CASE — By Ruth Hazan. Music by Alex Kagon. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday and Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

CHILDREN OF THE CITY — Musical written and directed by Dan Almog. (Beit Gan, Hatzit, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

CIRCASSIAN CHALK CIRCLE — By Brecht, Cameri production. (Cameri, Wednesday and Thursday)

THE FALL — By Albert Camus. Translated, adapted and starring Niki Nili. (Hastita, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

GROS CALIN — Emile Ajar's play translated, adapted and starring Niki Nili. (Hastita, tonight at 10)

THE ISRAELI EXPERIENCE — Based on stories by Y. Reuveni. Directed by Gedalia Breier. (Beit Lessin, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE IVAR CONNECTION — By Yonatan Gofen. Directed by Itzik Weingarten. (Beit Lessin, tonight at 9.30, tomorrow and Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE LESSON — By Ionesco. (Hastita, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

CONCERT WITH EXPLANATIONS — Aryeh Yardi, piano, plays works by Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4.15 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

Egypt at Liberty Bell Garden
TILE KING AND THE MOON — Dramatized story. (Karon Theatre, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

MUSIC AND DANCE — (Amphitheatre, Monday at 5 p.m.)

OPEN LIBRARY — Books and games. (Sunday through Thursday from 3 to 6 p.m.)

PLANCHETTES — Wandering puppet theatre. (Sunday at 4.30 p.m.)

THE SMOEL OF COOKING — (Karon Theatre, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

SPORTS AND RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES — (tomorrow, Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday)

YOUTH PERCUSSION ORCHESTRA — (Amphitheatre, Wednesday at 5 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

CHILDREN OF THE CITY — Musical written and directed by Dan Almog. (Beit Lessin, 84 Weizmann, today at 9 a.m.)

MONUMENT REVERSED — By Joseph Mundy. Yuval Theatre production. (Holon, Mazur, tonight at 10; Neve Zedek, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

TROJAN WOMEN — Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow through Thursday)

YINSE EGEL — By I.J. Singer. Habimah production. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

BENT — By Martin Sherman. Haifa Theatre production. (Municipal Theatre, tomorrow, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

CATS IN THE BAG — Comedy produced by the Haifa Theatre. (Traklin, tonight, tomorrow and Wednesday at 10.30 p.m.)

THE ISLAND — Arabic play directed by Ami Gadi. (Little Theatre, tonight at 7.30)

LATE DIVORCE — By A.B. Yehoshua. Yuval-Neve Zedek Theatre production. (Technion, tonight at 10)

Other towns

THE ASSISTANT — Haifa Theatre production. (Municipal Theatre, tomorrow, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday)

BED KITCHEN, BED KITCHEN — Comedy for one actress with Oina Oronne. Written by Dorit Fu and Franca Rame. Directed by Ilan Hildes and translated by Ada Ben Nahum. (Mikhael Hanezer, tonight at 10; Rehovot, Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

CHILDREN OF THE CITY — (Beit Lessin, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

DRUMS IN THE NIGHT — By Brecht. Beersheba Theatre production. (Beersheba, tomorrow)

LATE DIVORCE — (Rehovot, Wix, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

TRUE WEST — Cameri production. (Beersheba, Wednesday and Thursday)

CLASSICAL AND LIGHT — Musical event with Amos Miller. (Jaffa, Haistia, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

CLOWNS OF EDEN — Liffa Theatre production. (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 4.30 p.m.)

FROM LAUGHTER TO LAUGHTER — Play by Tobi Littlieb. (Tzavta, today at 3)

KIBBUTZ DANCE COMPANY — "Solo, Duo, Trio, Quartet." (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

MY NEIGHBOURHOOD — Meimad Theatre production. For ages 6-11. (Beit Ariela, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

PRETTY BUTTERFLY — Songs and games with Dalia Ben-David. (Jaffa, Haistia, 8 Mazal Dugim, tomorrow at 5 p.m.)

A STAR IN THE CLOUDS — By Benny Pevet. For ages 6 and up. (Beit Lessin, 34 Weizmann, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

Haifa

OOED'S PUPPET THEATRE — (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

PUPPET THEATRE WORKSHOP — (Haifa Museum, Monday and Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

THE SURVIVOR — Play about the Holocaust by Jack Eisner. (Municipal Theatre, tomorrow and Sunday at 11 a.m.)



A teenager plays at being a train-driver to escape the miseries of reality in Kurosawa's film "Dodeskaden."

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laromne Hotel, Saturday at 9 p.m., King David Hotel, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hyman. Down Nadel, Isaac Weinstock, directed by Michael Schneider. (Holon, tonight at 8.30 p.m.; King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

CLASSICAL GUITAR — With Yoel Akiva. (Zvika the Buddha, 9 Yoel Salomon, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

GOLDEN GUITAR — Avner Strauss plays classical, jazz and flamenco pieces. (Zvika the Buddha, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

HAGASHASH FESTIVAL — (Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

ISRAEL FOLKLORE — Taste of Israel dances, Pinaud Talman folkdancers. International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Fred Weigal, piano, Eric Heller, bass, Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Embassy Hotel, Nablus Road, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ PLUS ONE — (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m.)

JAZZ CELLAR — P.C. Osherov, Saxophone, Nivim Yanni, drums, Eli Magen, Bass, Danny Chiffron, piano. (Beit Lessin, 34 Weizmann, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK — Sandro Johnson with Liza Magen, piano, and Barry Kishinev, drums. (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

PROTEST SONGS — Gidon Kefen. (Municipal Theatre, Tuesday at midnight)

SING ALONG WITH ORA ZITNER — Songs of Nathan Yonathan. (Beit Ariela, 25 Shmuel Hamelech, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

MISSA CREOLA — By Ariel Ramirez. With Ariel Ramirez, Juan Torres, Samba Kipidor, Juan Carlos Ibarra, The Shomron Choir, directed by Michael Shani. (Binyamin Ha'oma, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ISRAEL SINFONETTA — Mendi Rodan, director. Programme of Italian vocal music. (Israel Museum, tomorrow)

ORGAN RECITAL — Bach + J. Elisabeth. (Municipal Theatre, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

NOON CONCERT — Anita and Roger Kamen, piano duo, play works by Schubert. (Hebrew University, Mt. Scopus, Monday at 1.30 p.m.)

YERUSHALMI

ARIEL ZILBER — (Municipal Theatre, King David Hotel, tonight at midnight)

CHINQUINHO TIMOTEO (Brazil) — Simba. (Municipal Theatre, tomorrow, Wednesday and Thursday at midnight)

COUNTRY AND BLUES — Only Gruper. (Municipal Theatre, Monday at midnight)

COUNTRY EYE — With Steve Taylor. (Jaffa, Haistia, 8 Mazal Dugim, tonight at midnight)

DANNY SANDERSON — (Beit Dor, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

HAGASHASH FESTIVAL — (Holon, Rima, tonight at 9.45)

MATTI CASPI — (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at 9.30 and midnight)

JAZZ — The Nigun Performers. (Haistia, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

JAZZ CELLAR — P.C. Osherov, Saxophone, Nivim Yanni, drums, Eli Magen, Bass, Danny Chiffron, piano. (Beit Lessin, 34 Weizmann, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK — Sandro Johnson with Liza Magen, piano, and Barry Kishinev, drums. (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

PROTEST SONGS — Gidon Kefen. (Municipal Theatre, Tuesday at midnight)

SING ALONG WITH ORA ZITNER — Songs of Nathan Yonathan. (Beit Ariela, 25 Shmuel Hamelech, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

SONGS — SACRED AND PROFANE

With Meir Ariel. (Haistia, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

TONIGHT SHOW — Presented by Barry Langford. Evening of international entertainment and interviews. Special guest, Leonard Graves. (Holon, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

YITZHAK KLEPTER — (Beit Lessin, tonight at midnight)

Haifa

DAVID BROZA — (Neve Sha'anani, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

DRUNK WITH JOY — Yossi Banai in his new programme of song, satire and comedy. (Auditorium, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

ONE-TIME ACT — Shlomo Bar Aba, Gidi Giv, Shlomo Yadav, Motti Meshonov, Yoni Richter. (Beit Abba Khoushi, tonight at 10 p.m.)

Other towns

APPLES OF GOLD — (Eilat, Moriah Hotel, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

DANNY SANDERSON — (Ayelet Hashahar, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

DAVID BROZA — (Be'er Tovia, tonight at 9 p.m.)

DBUNK WITH JOY — (Kfar Sava, Monday)

HAVA ALBERSTEIN — (Mecula, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

PANTOMIME — Hanaeh Rosenne. (Kamat David, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

SAFAD'S OLD JEWISH QUARTER — Conducted tours including synagogues and cemeteries. (Call 06-734444 Sunday, Tuesdays and Wednesdays; or POB 321, Safed 13100.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

— Shlomo Kravitz-Riklis conductor. Oleg Muzensky, piano. Works by Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow) Klaus Fennel, conductor. Bella Davidovich, piano. Barber: Adagio for Strings. Chopin: Piano Concerto no. 1. Schubert: Symphony no. 9. (Mann Auditorium, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday)

BACH, BIRDS AND BELIEF — Third concert in the series. Varda Nishi, piano. Avraham Medvedev, violin. Kevin Allen, piano. Works by J.S. Bach, Richard Lehar, Brahms, William Walton, Michael Tippett, Benjamin Cwyn, Haydn. (Givataim, Beit Alon, 8 Eilat, tomorrow)

CAMERAN SINGERS — Avner Itai, conductor. Scrittini, Shabtai Maier. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

GILA YARON, soprano, IDIT ZVI, piano — Schuetzberg: 8 songs, op. 6. Schumann: 5 Magnon songs: Lust: 2 arrangements of songs by Schumann: List: 2 Sonetti del Petrarca. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

(Continued on page C)

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1983

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Handwritten text: "Jaffa 13.16"

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ON/O

Shows 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067
Fri., May 27
Hot Bubbles 2:30
Arthur 4:30
Sat., May 28
Monty Python And The Holy Grail 7:30, 9:15
Sun., May 29
Hot Bubbles 7
Mon., May 30
The Song Remains The Same 6:45, 9:15
Tue., May 31
Annie (The Musical) 5:30
The Graduate 7:30, 9:30
Wed., June 1
Annie (The Musical) 5:30
The Graduate 7:30, 9:30
Thurs., June 2
Lili Marleen 7
The Graduate 9:15

EDEN

VIGILANTE
Sat. 7:15, 9:15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON

4th week
The boys are back in town,
Nick Nolte
Eddie Murphy
They couldn't have had each other less...
They couldn't have needed each other more...
And the boys are back in town...
Eddie Murphy

HAIR

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ORNA Tel. 224733

GANDHI

Sat. 8 p.m. only
Weekdays 4, 8

RON

No complimentary tickets or reductions

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP

Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:45, 9:15

SEMADAR

Portuguese film

I LOVE YOU

Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:45, 9:15

SMALL AUDITORIUM

BINYENEI HA'UMA

DIVA

Sat. 7:15, 9:15
Weekdays 7, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

4th week

VIGILANTE

Sat. 7:15, 9:15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON

4th week

THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN

Nick Nolte
Eddie Murphy

HAIR

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HAIR

Sat. 7:15, 9:15 Weekdays 4, 7, 9

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE

Advance ticket sale only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1

3rd week
Tonight 10:30, 12:15
Weekdays 4:45, 6:40, 9:10

CHEN 2

3rd week
Tonight 10:30, 12:15
Weekdays 4:45, 6:40, 9:10

CHEN 3

3rd week
Tonight 10:30, 12:15
Weekdays 4:45, 6:40, 9:10

CHEN 4

3rd week
Tonight 10:30, 12:15
Weekdays 4:45, 6:40, 9:10

CHEN 5

3rd week
Tonight 10:30, 12:15
Weekdays 4:45, 6:40, 9:10

CHEN 6

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Tonight 10:30, 12:15
Weekdays 4:45, 6:40, 9:10

CHEN 7

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Weekdays 4:45, 6:40, 9:10

CHEN 8

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CHEN 33

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CHEN 34

3rd week
Tonight 10:30, 12:15
Weekdays 4:45, 6:40, 9:10

CINEMA ONE

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE

Tonight at 10
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 7, 9:30

CINEMA TWO

Closed for renovations

DEKEL

5th week
Tonight 10:30, 12:15
Weekdays 4:45, 6:40, 9:10

GANDHI

Winner of 8 Oscars
Sat. 8: Weekdays 8, 8:30

DRIVE-IN

Tonight 10, Sat. and weekdays 8, 10

PURSUIT

SEX FILM
Tonight and every night 12:15 midnight

ESTHER

Tel. 225610
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

NIGHT SHIFT

Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

GORDON GITTIA

83 Ben Yehuda Rd. Tel. 244373
Israel Premiere
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:30

Nominated Best Foreign Picture

KUROSAWA

English subtitles

DODES' KA-DEN

English subtitles

HOD

2nd week
Tonight 10:30, 12:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

TEN TO MIDNIGHT

Tonight 10
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

INSTITUT FRANCAIS

Sat. 7:30

ט

READERS of this column may be aware by now that its writer is biased on two points. My first prejudice is against any performance in which actors do not speak their lines clearly, so that we lose a considerable part of what is happening on the stage. This applies to *The Israeli Experience* at Beit Leissin. Gadalia Hessei has proven himself to be a capable and sensitive director, but his attention, and that of other directors, should be drawn to this fault of our theatre.

My second prejudice is against the adaptation for the stage of novels or stories; the skills and techniques are different, and the drama usually loses out. In this case Yoram Raveini, a novelist and short-story writer, has done the adaptation himself, which is an advantage. Still, the novelist's approach shines through. There is no dialogue, there are only monologues — interior ones, I suppose, since this is not the kind of play in which the audience should be addressed directly. Characters talking about themselves must be believed; the challenge for the actor to prove that he actually is such-and-such and not only says so, may even be greater than in a conventional drama.

In addition, the self-revelation of several characters who share a common situation may be artistically justified if they present different

Novel shortcomings

perspectives on the situation (to take it to the extreme, a kind of *Rashomon*). This is not the case in *The Israeli Experience*.

The central figure, an American engineer who has spent three years building an airfield in the Negev, and in the process has lost his wife to a sabra hippy and then to an Italian (is this meant to be symbolic?), is played well, though stereotypically, by Eli Gorenstein.

The rest are Israelis of various kinds, their stories connected in one way or another. Among others, there are a father and a son — wouldn't you have guessed? — with a very pronounced generation gap between them (Hani Toren, Dan Toren). Arnon Zadok, the high, strong sabra, is forceful as usual; feeble-minded as a result of a war wound, he expresses the now habitual presentation of war as humanly destructive. Taken as a whole, this is another mirror held up to reality; and the more realistic and unadorned a mirror, the less it shows the depth, the essential behind the real.

One thing about Israeli actors acting Israeli persons: they are very good at it. In the theatre, this means that the audience can experience

THEATRE

Uri Rapp

the joys of recognition (as Aristotle said long ago). But in terms of Theatre Art (dare I use capital letters?) this is a doubtful compliment.

AND THUS we come to *The Iyar Connection*, which has been showing for many months and is still going strong. A skilled and gifted theatrical team has come together in this play and has produced a theatrically strong and humanly weak show. Yonatan Gefen as author, Izik Weingarten as director, Rafi Kadishson and Dany Litani as music arrangers, and several others, have given us a play which, in spite of its formal fragmentation, is of one piece.

The idea itself is cleverly contrived. The president of the state of Israel invites all children born on May 14, 1948 (5th of Iyar) to an Independence Day party. No one comes; all those who appear on the stage act as if they are replying to the president and explaining why they can't or won't come. Thus their

direct address to the audience, presenting themselves as in the other play reviewed above, acquires verisimilitude.

Every one of these 35-year-olds, the great white hopes of the state, the "first generation of redemption," presents a bungled life. Some have left the country, some have gone out of their minds, some have died in wars.

The daughter of the army general and cabinet minister (killed Gordon after A.D. Gordon, but now only Donna) is a prostitute in Amsterdam, after years of "giving of herself"; the fighter and descendant of Holocaust survivors is a heroin pusher currently in jail in Germany ("taking revenge on the Germans"); the one reasonably happy person lives a "fairy" life in Paris but proves his virility and "normality" from time to time in wars. The one Arab is a terrorist and in captivity.

They all act competently, and are sometimes emotionally gripping. The actress to watch is Ofra Weingarten, whom I have had occasion to criticize in the past. Her portrayal of a variety of different women is as versatile as can be asked of an actress.

The production makes a strong impact, and may move the viewer to tears. The hatred of war, of beautiful phrases, of fake idealism, comes through loud and clear. It is thus quite an emotional experience — but what, in effect, does it say? A play does not have to have a message, unless it pretends to have one.

Also, I shall not raise the hoary argument that these characters are not representative of the younger generation. Anyway, they aren't. But if this is how the younger (now closer to middle-aged) generation sees its "human condition," it is a sorry state. Everything seems to have gone wrong with it, but it accepts no responsibility for any of it. The parents are to blame, always and for everything. Their idealism, their sacrifices, their pioneering, their constructive achievement, all count for nothing; the children come whining, griping, sullen, and point an accusing finger.

There is in Israel a kind of national sport, mainly indulged in on Friday evenings over drinks and snacks, called, as a verb, *lekater*, and as a noun, *katur*. This is derived from the Yiddish *kater*, a male cat, and designates howling and wailing, griping and complaining about everything, to no purpose. *The Iyar Connection* is a successful transposition of *katur* into theatrical language.

WHEN I was very young, I wept copious tears when I saw the film of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. There was poor Topsy saying that she just grew old, and sweet little Eva dying, and Simon Legree whipping poor old Uncle Tom. But the most moving scene of all was the one that portrayed the escape of the runaway slave, Eliza: with her babe clutched in her arms, she crossed the river to freedom by leaping from ice-floe to floe, with the villainous slavers and their dogs snapping at her heels.

I was naturally reminded of this scene when Mabat described the closing of the Egyptian frontier to would-be runaway doctors, trying to evade the myrmidons of Finance Minister Yoram Aridor and Health Minister Eliezer Shostak, out to deliver call-up notices. What a tragic film *Dr. Yitzhak's Cabin* would make!

Of course, it might be rather difficult to provide ice-floes on the border of the Sinai Desert, but we could read the hearts of viewers with pity as we showed Dr. Yitzhak and his loved ones covering under a scraggly palm tree. Brutal Israeli tanks search everywhere for them; overhead, planes and helicopters are out in force.

A ferocious helicopter pilot sees something move down below in the sun-baked sands: he sweeps down like an eagle on a desert mouse. Our hearts sink — he must have seen the runaways under their palm. But it is only a startled jackal: the pilot curses like Simon Legree, and flies on.

Night falls at last. The wretched refugees inch their way closer to the frontier. Huge searchlights flash across the sands, but Dr. Yitzhak has been on hundreds of missions with the paratroopers, and he knows just how to penetrate enemy lines.

Ah, but then his foes were only Arabs, now he has to overcome the night and brins of the Israel Defence Forces, something that nobody has ever been able to do. Will our refugees make it? Can Dr. Yitzhak cross the frontier? Will Andor nail him with a notice to a shield of David? Watch this column for the next episode of our cliffhanger.

INCIDENTALLY, the precedent established by the government this week — of closing the gates of Israel to Jews, from the inside — is another of those historical paradoxes that make life in this country so strange. Remember when we were binging on the gates from the outside, demanding that the British open them to Jews? If the principle of closing them from within is extended to its logical conclusion, it should solve another problem, apart from that of doctors trying to escape — *yerida*. Of course, another paradox would then manifest itself: there would be huge protest marches in Moscow, with Communist Party Chief Yuri Andropov sending a message to Jerusalem, "Let Thy People Go!"

Up to the point where the government was playing catch-as-catch-can with the doctors, our sympathies were entirely with the martyred medics. But the doctors' public relations advisers made an appalling error when they allowed us to see all those shots on *Mabat* of their clients living it up in luxury hotels in Tiberias, and meeting in pleasure craft on the blue waters of the Kinneret, while their trade union bosses flitted around in private helicopters, as if they were big executives or cabinet ministers. These views of jet-setting physicians con-

Dr. Yitzhak's cabin

TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon

trusted starkly with grim films of suffering patients in under-manned hospitals.

The stereotype of strikers to which we are accustomed shows them tightening their belts, while their womenfolk are anxiously counting the last crusts of bread and the organizers estimate grimly how long the shrinking strike fund will last. At various times during the doctors' strike we have been shown doctors pay slips with ludicrously low sums on them, which their spokesmen set against the long hours they work and the responsibilities they bear.

This was good public relations, but the effect was completely marred by the Tiberias jaunts. I would have expected them to spend their enforced days off work meditating in the cave of Elijah, or contemplating the wilderness of Zin, or doing anything other than have a whale of a time while their patients suffered. Uncle Tom and Eliza never took refuge in the Plaza.

DOCTORS are normally very dedicated and patriotic citizens: in war and peace, they devote themselves to the service of the nation and the relief of suffering. It is quite a feat on the part of the government to have turned such people into bitter, anti-social delinquents prepared to defy law and order.

The very expression "doctors' strike" standing by itself has a weird and paradoxical sound: one expects it to be followed by the words "...on a new cure for cancer," or something like that. All the doctors I know are very uneasy about going out on strike as if they were underpaid factory hands and not healers of the sick.

We saw one example of a doctor who refused to join his colleagues on the "burndies, or even in the luxury hotel — on Ram Ebron's programme, *This is the Time*. Prof. Ezra Solar of Tel Hashomer Hospital, said firmly and bluntly that he could not imagine any circumstances whatsoever that would justify doctors going on strike and neglecting their patients.

Professor Solar, of course, is the man who wants to abolish income tax. If he was obviously right about the need for that reform, he may well be right about cutting off MKs from medical attention. One of Israel's finest men, Professor Andre de Vries, appearing on *Mabat*, also questioned the strike weapon as a means doctors can use, however correct their cause.

Certainly there is nothing in the Hippocratic Oath about rates of basic pay, remuneration for overtime, and fringe benefits. The oath stresses gratitude to one's teacher and dedication to a regimen calculated to be for the benefit of patients and not for their harm. The magnificent Oath of the Hebrew Physician, drawn up by the late Prof. Lipman Halpern, is also silent about recompense and trade union activity — it charges physicians to be custodians at the side of the sick, day and night, at all times of need, and to watch verily over the life of man even from his mother's womb and to make his welfare always their chief concern.

ALL THE Israeli doctors I know,

without exception, serve their patients in this spirit. They neglect their homes and families, work endless hours, are always on call, do not even have time for tennis. Yet they find themselves, bewildered, on strike.

Our ideas of how a doctor should behave are derived from films about Dr. Kildare and Dr. Welby and Tripper John, and all the doctors of film and fiction that went before them. These paragons never talked about getting filthy lucre for their services. On the other hand, the glimpses we got of their private lives indicated that they were by no means poor. I understand that it is common for a doctor in the U.S. to earn \$100,000 a year or more.

Nobody suggests that doctors here should be paid on the same scale, but I think that one of the worst of Aridor's many offences is his determination to bring doctors down to the level of run-of-the-mill civil servants with no particular training or expertise or tradition. Medicine is a science, an art, a mystery, almost a religion; doctors should not be treated as clock-watchers or wage slaves. The doctors erred in the past by falling for the trick of accepting fringe benefits instead of insisting on higher basic pay, but Aridor is demanding too high a price for this mistake; he is undermining not only their earnings but also their self-respect.

THE RETURN of *Fame* to enliven our Monday nights naturally delighted me. But I have some misgivings: the opening episode of the new series was not up to the standard of the first series. First of all, where was Leroy? I hope he has not disappeared completely.

Then the story line was rather silly. I could not understand why Bruno's wise old teacher was so determined that he should not try out for Juilliard, nor could I believe for a second that Bruno's father would dare in challenge so wonderful a teacher.

In the final scene, the superb Debbie Allen dances on the grand piano. In my home, we only had an upright, but my father also had a razor sharp mind, and if I had dared to imitate Miss Allen by prancing on top of the piano I would have felt the full force of the trap. Admittedly, the grand piano in *Fame* was only school property, but I found it hard to accept that anybody, however magnificent her figure, her looks, her legs and her dancing, could get away with cavorting like a jabbawock on the lid of it.

EVERYONE WHO WATCHED two hours of King Hussein's royal antics when they wanted to see Juventus vs. Hamburg on Wednesday night is blaming me today. But how was I to know that instead of the European Cup final, Jordan TV would prefer a royal flush of award ceremonies, and airport dedications to a battle royal between Europe's two best (except for Liverpool and Manchester United, of course) football clubs?

I must voice a protest to the Hashemite monarch. That is no way to treat an enemy. If we cannot trust Jordan to give us sports events, how can we ever rely on a peace treaty we might sign one day — *Insh'allah* — with them?

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Sat. at 7.30 pm: *My Bodyguard*
9.30 pm: *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*
Sun. at 7 pm: *Now After All These Years*
9.30 pm: *Un Etrange Voyage*
Mon. at 7 pm: *The Galaxy*
7.30 pm: In the small hall
Image Before My Eyes
9.30 pm: *Dera Uza* Kinosawa
Tues. at 4 pm: *The Little Prince*
7 pm: *Viens Chez Moi* Leconte
9.30 pm: *Rebecca* Hitchcock
Wed. at 7 pm: *Use History Simple*
9.30 pm: *The Round-Up*
Thurs. at 7 pm: *Going Home* McKas
9.30 pm: *Hallelujah the Hills*
midnight: *Jo the Buzzy Body*
Fri. at 2.30 pm: *Kagemusha*

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62 Months to Job One or How They Designed the Ford "Sierra"

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SPECIAL EXHIBITS

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EVENTS

GALLERY TALK

Saturday, May 28 at 11.00

FINDS FROM SYNAGOGUES, CHURCHES & MOSQUES

Shulem Eisenstadt (at the Rockefeller Museum)

CONCERT

Saturday, May 28 at 20.30

In conjunction with the exhibition "Farinelli and Albertini Sing Vividly" - 18th century Venetian Operatic Caricatures:

ITALIAN VOCAL MUSIC

by members of Israel Sinfonietta. Musical director: Mendi Roden

CHILDREN'S FILM

Sunday, May 28 & Monday, May 30 at 18.30

"PETER PAN"

A Walt Disney Production

GALLERY TALK

Saturday, May 31 at 17.00

MSAICS IN THE ISRAEL MUSEUM

Lecturer: Uri Avnion, Curator

CHILDREN'S CONCERT

Tuesday, May 31 at 18.15

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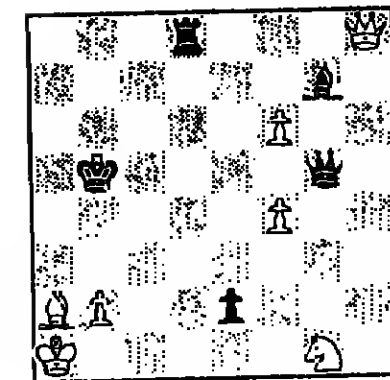
LIBRARY: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10-17; Tues. 18-20

GRAPHICS STUDY ROOM: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-13; Tues. 18-20

TICKETS FOR SATURDAY: Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv - Rococo, Etzion, La'an and Castel; Jerusalem - Klatim.

CHESS **Eliahu Shahaf**

Problem No. 3122
YEHUDA HOCH, Petal Tikva
Version, The Problemist, 1977



White to play and draw (7-5)

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3121 (Baronovic), 1.d3? Kd6? Ld6? Kd4? Ld6? Kc4? 1.d4!

ISRAELI SECOND IN COMPOSING CHAMPIONSHIP

ISRAELI composers of problems and endgames emerged as the winners-up in the second World Championship Composing Tournament, the results of which were recently announced by the West German organizers. A record number of 29 countries took part in the event (which covers the period 1980-1983), with the Soviet Union taking first place, Israel second and the U.S. third.

Israel won first place in three sections: Gad Costello of Tel Aviv won first place in the endgame section; a problem by Uri Avner of Ramat Gan won first place in the selfmate section; and a joint problem by Gideon Hissler, Mordechai Shurek and Uri Avner won first place in the helpmates section.

Four such world contests have been held so far. In the first event, Israel placed eighth in a field of 30 countries. In the second, it climbed to fifth place in a field of 27 countries. In the first official world championship, Israel was 12th in a field of 27 countries, and now came the big step forward to second place.

In August, Israel will play host to the congress of the FIDE Permanent Commission for Composition and the seventh World Championship Solving Championship.

IMPRESSIVE SHOW

VICTOR KORCHNOI, who was guest of honour at the recent Netanya Festival, gave several simultaneous performances during his stay. In Ramat Hasharon, he took on 26 opponents, winning 23 games, losing one and drawing two. In Holon, against a record number of 40 participants, Korchnoi won 33, lost two and drew five. In the Jerusalem performance, Korchnoi scored a clean-cut victory, winning all the 22 games.

USSR CHAMPIONSHIP

WORLD CHAMPION Anatoly Karpov won the USSR championship with a 9-15 score; Vladimir Tukmakov was the runner-up with 9 points, and Lev Polugaevsky third with 8½ points.

The USSR championship of young masters was won by V. Gavrikov with a 10-15 score. There was a four-way tie for second place between A. Haritonov, G. Znachik, V. Salov and L. Novikov. Here is a fine game from the event with a startling queen sacrifice.

A. HARITONOV S. LPUTJAN
1.c4 Nf6 2.Nc3 d6 3.g3 g6 4.Bg2 Bg7 5.d4 0-0 6.Nf3 c6 7.0-0 Qa5 8.h3

e5 9.d5 de 10.e4 Nbd7 11.a3 Qc5 12.Qe2 Qe7 13.b4 Ne8 14.Be3 Nc7 15.Rd1 Ne6 16.c5 b6 17.Rd6 bc 18.Rc6 cb 19.Nd5 Qe8 20.ab Nf6 21.Rfcl Bd7 22.Nc7! Nc7 23.Rc7 Ne4 24.Ba7 f5 25.Nd2! Bb6 26.Be3 Bb5 27.Bh6!! Be2 28.Nc4! Qd8 29.Ng5 e4 30.Rg7 Kh8 31.Rh7 Kg8 32.Rc-e7. Black resigns.

An interesting endgame arose in the final-round Mayorov-Gnvrikov game.
White (Mayorov) — Kg1; Rc1, Rf1; Be4; Nd5; Pf2, g3, h2. (8). Black (Gavrikov) — Kh8; Rn2, R8; Bc8, Bg7; Pg6, h7.(7).

White is a pawn up, but the game should have ended in a draw. Trying to win at all costs, White suffers an unexpected defeat.
27. — Bd4 28.Nf4 Ba6 29. Bd5 Rd2 30.Bc4 Bc8 31.h4 Bg4 32.Rccl? (32.Kg2!!) Rc8 33.Bc6 Rc3! 34.Kg2? (34.Bg4 Rg3 35.Ng2 Rg4, with drawing chances) 34. — Bf3 35.Kh3 Rf2 36.Rf2 Bf2 37.Rf1? Bg3 38.Kg3 Bc2 39.Rf2 Bf1 40.Nd5 Rcl. White resigns.

YOUNG CHAMPION

NORWAY'S Simen Agdestein had the best result on board IV in the Lucerne Olympiad. This was not the only success of the young Norwegian in the past year. In the

Norwegian national championship, Agdestein tied for first with Bern Tiller and then won the title by beating Tiller in the play-off match.

S. AGDESTEIN B. TILLER

1.d4 e6 2.c4 Nf6 3.Nf3 Bb4 4.Bd2 Qe7 5.g3 Nc6 6.Bg2 Bd2 7.Nbd2 a5 8.0-0 d6 9.e4 e5 10.d5 Nb8 11.b3 Bg4 12.a3 0-0 13.b4 Na6 14.Qb3 Bf3 15.Bf3 ab 16.ab c5 17.de bc 18.Rfbl R1b8 19.Be2 c5 20.b5 Nb4 21.Qb2 Qh7 22.f3 Nd7 23.Bf1 Nf8 24.Bh3 h5 25.Nf1 Nh7 26.Qd2 Qe7 27.Nc3 Qg5 28.Kf2 g6 29.Bd7! Qe7 30.Bc6 Ral 31.Ral Nf6 32.Nd5 Nd5 33.Bd5 Kg7 34.h4 f6 35.Kg2 g5 36.Rh1 Kg6 37.Qd1 Nd5 38.Qd5 Qa7 39.hg Qa2 40.Kh3 Kg5 41.Qd6 Rg8 42.f4 Kg5 43.f6 Qe4 44.Qf6 Kh7 45.Qf5 Kh8 46.Ral Qg4 47.Qg4 Rg4 48.b6. Black resigns.

ART OF ATTACK

White — Kcl; Qc4; Rd1, Rh1; Bd2, Be2; Nc3; Pa2, b2, c2, d5, g4, h4, (13) Black — Kh7; Qd8, Ra8, R18; Bd7; Bg7; Nc5; Pa5, b6, c7, d6, go, (12). Black to play.

1. — b5! 2.Nb5 Bb5 3.Qb5 Rb8 4.Qc4 Bb2 5.Kbl Ne4! 6.Qc4 Bc3 7.Kcl Rbl! 8.Kbl Qb8 9.Kcl Qb2x 10.Baahakadze-Eomuls, USSR, 1982.

The case of the disappearing diamond

A SKILLED declarer can sometimes make a loser vanish into thin air. That was the case in today's first deal, after North-South rocketed into a very shaky game contract.

North
▲ KQ75
♦ K75
♥ A93
▲ Q83

West
▲ AJ
♥ 942
♦ KJ8742
▲ K2

East
▲ 9
♥ J1063
♦ Q
▲ AJ109754

South
▲ 1086432
♥ AQ8
♦ 1065
▲ 6

The bidding:

West (D) North East South
1c Dbl. 2A 2A
Pass 4A All pass

NORTH'S LEAP to four spades was a real shot in the dark. His hand valued at only 15 high-card points, even counting the badly placed club queen. Perhaps he was just a confident sort, or perhaps he knew his partner was capable of the kind of prescience that he ended up performing.

But North may not be entirely to blame. South also took a very aggressive action, when he "freely" bid two spades after West opened with one diamond. North made a take-out double, and East chimed in with two clubs. Sure, he had a six-card spade suit, but it was headed by the ten, and he had only six high-card points.

The opening lead was the club king, and East signalled with the nine. West now played the four of clubs, and South paused to con-



(Mike Goldberg)

BRIDGE/Hanan Sher

sider. He had four losers — one spade, two diamonds and a club. Could West possibly have been

dealt the ace-king of clubs, in which case there was a place to discard a diamond? The answer was clearly in

the negative, but South saw one advantage in rising with the queen anyway. That would force East's ace, and deny him the opportunity of making a suit-preference signal with one of his many clubs. So he played dummy's queen, and ruffed East's ace.

Now came a spade towards the king-queen, and West took his ace. Afraid to play a diamond away from his king-jack tenace, or to "solve" any problem South might have in hearts, he made the "safe" exit of the spade jack.

Winning the king (on which East discarded a club), South ruffed a club, cashed the ace, king and queen of hearts and led a small diamond towards dummy. West inserted the eight and the diamond nine was played from dummy. Now East, in with his singleton queen, was end-played. A heart or a club return would allow declarer to ruff in one hand while discarding a loser from the other, and limiting his losers to one club, one spade and one diamond. And that gave him the contract.

IN THE POSTMORTEM, West was furious. "When he played the second spade, why didn't you get rid of the diamond queen?" he almost shouted at his partner. "Then you would have gotten off the endplay." "It's not my fault at all," replied East. "You made the mistake. Why didn't you play a diamond when you won the ace of spades?"

South, already the clear winner by virtue of his play of the hand, was also the victor in the post-mortem. "Once I ruff the second club, it is all over but the shouting — so long as West has the spade ace. West can win his trump ace at

the first trick or the second, East can discard the diamond queen, a heart or a club. I'll always make the contract, so long as East has a singleton diamond honour."

South went on to explain that he had a pretty good count on the hand before he made the crucial diamond play. He knew that East had been dealt one spade, seven clubs and at least three hearts; he therefore had one or two diamonds, which must include an honour. If not, why didn't West play the diamond king (from king-queen-jack) when he was in with the spade ace?

"And if West leads a diamond at trick Four, I play the ace, draw the last trump play off three hearts, ending in dummy. Now I lead a small club from dummy, discarding a diamond and letting East win the trick. He's got to give me a ruff and a stuff, and I'll always make four."

"But what if West returns a spade, and East discards the diamond queen on the spade king?" asked North, who had been silent up to that moment. "Then you surely cannot find the end play."

"Wrong again," said South. "That gives me two sure ways to get home. I can still end-play East in clubs and hearts, or I can clear those two suits and lead a small diamond from my hand. West must put up the jack or let my nine win, and I can now duck to end-play him."

"And there's still another way to play the hand, if East hangs on to the queen of diamonds. I can strip the clubs and hearts and lead a diamond to dummy. West can execute a 'crocodile coup' by rising with the king, in order to 'swallow his partner's queen' and keep partner from being end-played. But in doing so, he end-plays himself."

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Sunday, May 20, 1983 at 8.30 pm.

2. "The Social Concepts of Zionism in Germany 1883-1914", seventh lecture in the series "Chapters in German Jewish History" (in cooperation with the Chaim Frenkel School of Jewish Studies, Tel Aviv University).
Lecturer: Dr. Yehoyakim Doron. Moderator: Moshe Halevi.
Monday, May 30, 1983 at 6.00 pm.

3. "Armed revolt and the saving of human lives, do they contradict or strengthen each other? A study evening on the occasion of the 40th anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising.
Tuesday, May 31, 1983 at 8.30 pm.

4. Screening of the film "Now After All These Years" (in cooperation with the Goethe Institute). The film portrays the life of Jews and Germans in Rhine - a small village in Hessen, Germany. Producers: Harald Lidars, Pavel Schnabel. The film is in German with English subtitles. Introduction: Dr. Mihal Friedman. Question and answer session with audience participation after screening.
Wednesday, June 1, 1983 at 8.30 pm.

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Screening of the film "Charlotte": Sunday, May 29 at 1 & 5 pm; Monday, May 30 at 1 & 8.30 pm. The film is in German with English subtitles.
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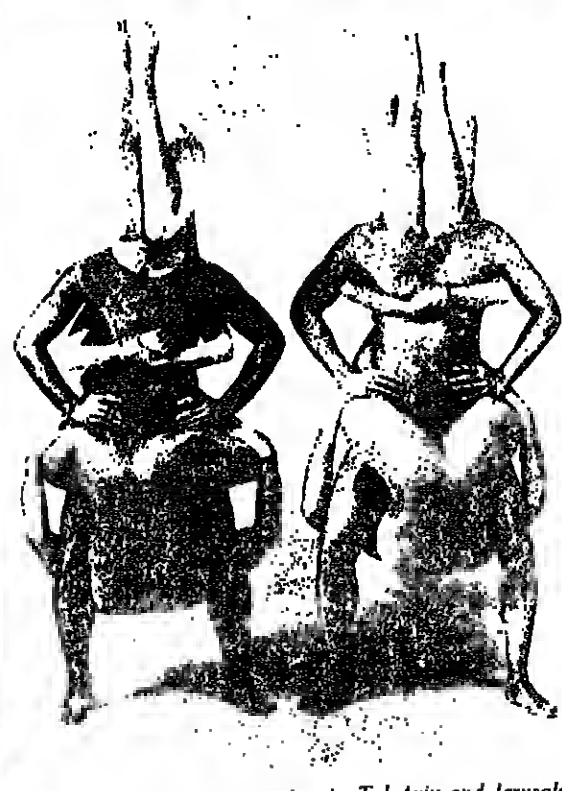
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(Left) Yampolsky's "Mendelssohn Concerto." (Right) Pitoholus Dance Theatre appearing in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem.

Airy choreography

BERTA YAMPOLSKY has for some time shown that she is a choreographer to be reckoned with. After rather congested works, she has emerged as a creator of dance dynamics that control space and action, in story ballets like *Carmen*, abstract ballets like *Drorak Variations*, and expressionist pieces like the untitled work dedicated to Raoul Wallenberg. Now she has added her *Mendelssohn Concerto*, officially premiered by the Israel Ballet at the Beit Mahayal in Tel Aviv on May 22.

Here she seemed to have gained from her own previous works, keeping the flow continuous without over-crowding, in fact letting "air" into her choreography. The slow movement was particularly appealing in its romanticism, but the work as a whole was truly Mendelssohnian in the fresh brightness of the other movements.

Other works were repeats of the *Pan-de-Omtre* (much improved, but still more an exercise than the display it should be), Heinz Spoerli's sly and lively *Opus 33*, and Balanchine's duet from *Agan*, one of the gifts to the company by the late great ballet creator and therefore in a sense a tribute and a memorial.

NOTHING so warms up an audience as a good Spanish programme, and by the time Dalia Luv and her new company ended the first half of their show in the Bat-Dor Theatre on Saturday night, the shouts of "Ole!" the whistling and the slow clapping of total approval, left no doubt about that.

Almost at once, guest dancer Juan Antonio de los Reyes established his skill with whiplash turns, wide-stepping legs, and explosives stamping in faruca and flamenco solos of his own choreography. At one point, he travelled forward fast on knee bends and his dramatic use of pause and pose heightened the effect of his *hilo zapateado*; his knee action was as swift as his heel tapping.

Luv's main asset is her elegance, which she showed in solos choreographed by Martin Vargas; however, her footwork here was too deliberate.

DANCE Dora Sowden

She came into her own in the enchanting solo created by Victoria Eugenia (music: Luna), where her movement was easy-flowing, her footwork graceful and her gown gorgeous. Indeed, her dresses throughout were as dazzling as her personal beauty. She was at her best in the abundant charm of the new flamenco-type solo choreographed for her by Ciro, with its stylish humour.

Guest singers were Miguel Funi and Manuel de Pavia, said to be cousins but bearing no family resemblance except in their gipsy-style singing, their initial diffidence of manner and their easing up (after taking off their formal jackets). They were not convincing us dancers in the few moves they made. David Serva, also a guest from Spain, was an excellent guitarist, an accompanist, or rather a major partner to the dancers and the singers. Dori Akivon's classical guitar playing was an added pleasure.

THE Jerusalem Dance Workshop made dance history of sorts at the Gerard Behar Centre (Beit Hila'm) on May 19. For the first time the company appeared on a proper stage - something its serious efforts have long deserved.

Not everything was perfect. There could have been a less tatty backdrop, and, for that matter, a better piano to accompany the two Madrigal Singers (best heard together). But the company did show enterprise in choreography and dedication in performance.

Two works by guest choreographers had already been premiered in the Shalief Community Centre, and strange to say, had looked better there. Jayne Lee's *Bathers* - *Dinard 1920* (music: Debussy) - inspired by Picasso's picture - caught the clarity of line, but the dancing wasn't always smoothly paced.

Lois's main asset is her elegance, which she showed in solos choreographed by Martin Vargas; however, her footwork here was too deliberate.

Israeli) portrayed decadent, dowdy (perhaps even drugged) women with notably incisive movement but little subtlety.

Choreographically most interesting was the solo from Flora Cushman's *Snow in Summer* (music: John Cage), danced by Evi Lifschitz.

The two new works were by company members. Evi Lifschitz's *Thin Spider's Threads* (music: collage and cacophony) had a fascinating "prop," something that fired the imagination whenever the dancers hung or clung, climbed or hurdled: a kind of irregular wall made up of horizontal wooden pieces. If energy is a sign of inventiveness, this work had it, but it deteriorated into mere grotesquerie. As there was only one male dancer (Nir Ben Gal), more distinctive use could have been made of him instead of letting him indulge in the same irritating giggles as the four women.

The surprise was Dafna Ein-hinder's *No Air* (music: Klaus Schultz), which had more discipline and drive than when performed in the Gertrud Kruss competition, where it won third prize.

WHAT THE Jerusalem Theatre dubbed a "Long Dance Day" kept about 800 Jerusalem teenagers from several schools listening, watching and applauding last Friday from 9 a.m. to 1.30 p.m.

The sponsors were the Jerusalem Municipality, the Jerusalem Foundation, and the Ministry of Education, among others. The performers were the Batseva Companies I and II, the Dance Department of the Rubin Academy and Hanoach Ronen, the pantomimist. The programme included "workshops," that is, explanations and demonstrations of dance: classical, modern, post-modern, experimental, and the links between them - conducted mainly by Batseva dancers in the foyers.

Certainly the biggest success was Rusen, whose ability to communicate without words was a delight to the audience.

The aim of the project was to attract future audiences and stimulate interest among youth for real dance, and it seems to have worked.



Marianne Faithfull: Years of alienation and drugs evident in her newly developed style for "A Child's Adventure."

Quiet desperation

ALCOHOLISM, suicide, despair, and alienation, and the oblivion they bring, are the subjects of Marianne Faithfull's new album, *A Child's Adventure* (General Music Company). The lines "Take a walk around Times Square, With a pistol in my suitcase/And my eyes on the TV," from the album's opening song, "Times Square," set the tone for this album, a cynical step further from Faithfull's previous one, *Dangerous Acquaintances* (not released locally).

If *Broken English* (1979), her first smash-hit album after years of dealing with her drug problem, unleashed pent-up anger and bitterness, and *Dangerous Acquaintances* (1981) struck out towards independence, her last album is the ultimate resignation to fate.

The songs are mostly quiet, low-key and quite remote from the strong rock tendency of the previous albums. The strength here is in the quiet desperation of the lyrics ("In the end will I smash my brains with drinking/Till I fall down on the floor"), in the soft melodies and in the raw voice.

Marianne ("As Tears Go By") Faithfull has finally found her individual, distinct style and is establishing her own standards of excellence.

BARRY GIBB of the Bee Gees has proved once again that alliance with him is the surest way to success. This time, after Barbra Streisand's hugely popular *Gully*, it's Dionne Warwick's turn to collaborate with Gibb in *Heartbreaker* (General Music Company). Although you can recognize the Gibb touch from the album's first note, the songs and music are miraculously adapted to Warwick's soft soul-middle-of-the-road style and sound as if they were made for her (which they were). A delightfully pleasant record.

ROCK, ETC. Madeline L. Kind & Michal Yudelman

CBS, which is by far the biggest producer of pop records in the country, has hauled out a number of its biggest guns this month to roll over and occupy the airwaves. And just to add insult to invasion, CBS has even snatched away a commanding figure from one of its rivals to beef up its forces.

The new addition to the CBS label is David Buvi, who surprised everybody this spring by (1) interrupting his acting career to cut a new record, (2) making that record mostly a good-time party platter, and (3) making it so darned well. The thinking must be that since the always-changing Bowie has done Grand Guignol and death and destruction and scary monsters and spiders from Mars, maybe now's the time to have a little fun for a change.

Whatever the thinking, the change is welcome and Let's Dance can pleasure up any party. A close listen to such tunes as "Ricochet" or "Cat People" ("I've been putting out the fire with gasoline") will reveal shreds of the good old-fashioned Bowie nightmare fabric, but that gets submerged in the new mood of good-time foot-stomping. The title track, "Without You" and "Shake It!" are where the emphasis lies. In short, Bowie has made an innovation of traditional pop, and that's an accomplishment. What will the boy innovate next?

IN A VERY different vein is Cargo, the follow-up album to the smash *Business as Usual* by Mea at Work. The Australian team has again produced a no-nonsense

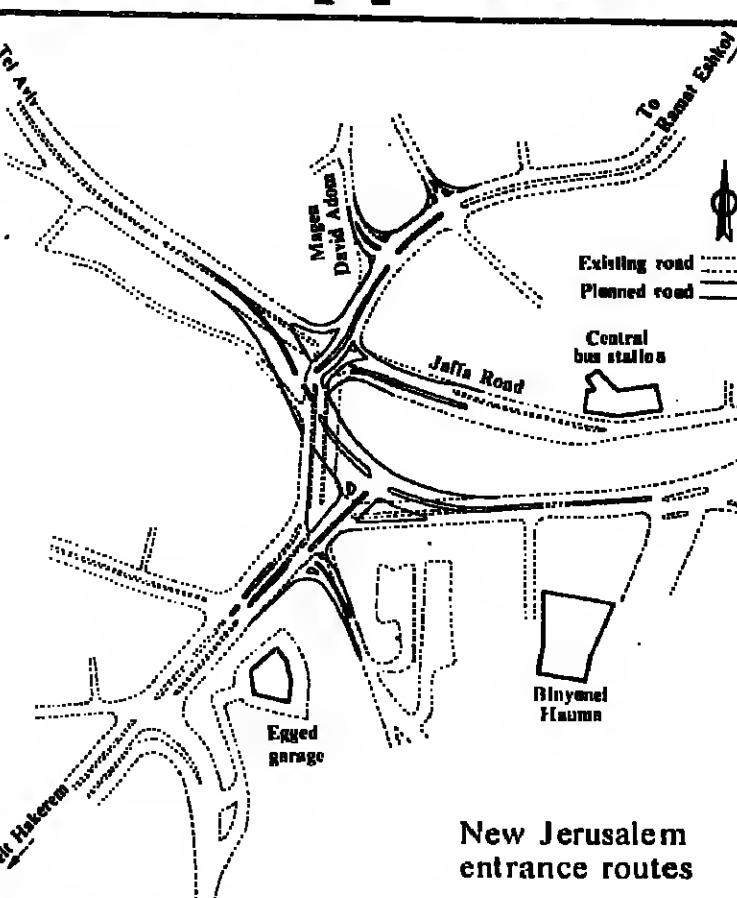
package - that is, no nonsense is allowed to interfere with the fun. The tone is set from the opener, "Dr. Heckyll and Mr. Jive" - good clean lines, sharp little hooks and steady rhythms for pleasant, laid-back listening. The Men make it all seem so simple, but of course that isn't accomplished without a lot of hard work, and that's to their credit. Especially nice is a little clever devil hiding in the middle of Side Two called "Blue for You." Bound to please.

THE ONLY really hard-rocker of the bunch comes from Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers. *Long After Dark* is not, to my ears, up to the sizzling standard of *Damn the Torpedoes* of a few years back, but Petty and Co. enjoy rock and roll, and that still comes through loud and strong. The boys putz around a hit with a little Reggae flavouring now and then, but the accent stays mainly on down-south guitar licks, and Petty is among the finger-lickin' best. This is the kind of rock that doesn't get worn away by any wave, old or new.

ROCK NEWS. A sizzling hot summer is awaiting rock lovers: Uriah Heep is already blowing out the Dan Cinema's walls in Tel Aviv, and heavyweights Joe Cocker and Weather Report are on their way. July's highlight will no doubt be superstar Rod Stewart, who will be performing before 30,000 spectators a night on the two shows he has scheduled in Tel Aviv.

Folk-singers Peter Paul and Mury, and the Compagnons de la Chanson are due to arrive this summer as guests of the Jerusalem Municipality. Spanish guitarist Manitas de Platas is also coming, in addition to the Brazilian Festival and the Jazz Festival, with all their stars.

New approach



The western entrance to Jerusalem is to be revamped, beginning next week. The proposed changes are expected to increase the capacity of the capital's access to the Tel Aviv highway, from 3,000 to 5,000 vehicles per hour.

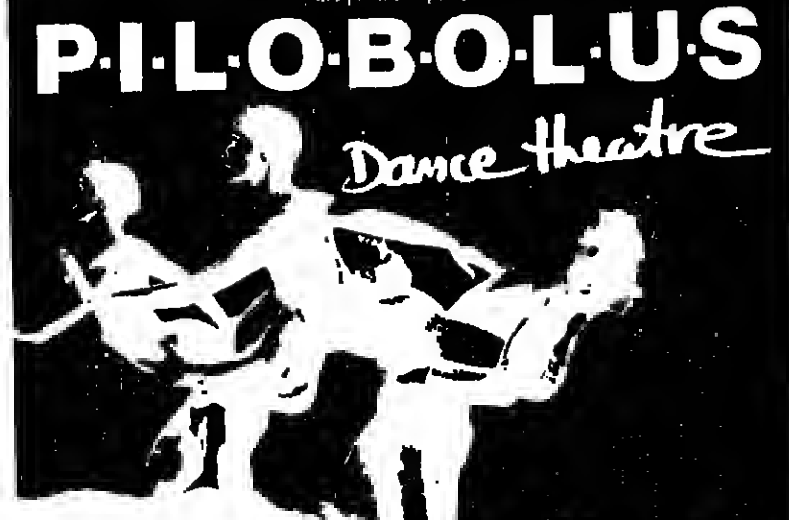
The project will be carried out in stages, to ease its impact on the traffic flow. It is expected to be completed within a year, and is budgeted for IS 120 million.

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Jury Hough, Oulu University, "State Policy under Andropov"
Discussants: Theodore H. Friedgut, Arts Uroge, Edith Rogovin Frankel
Wednesday, June 1, 1983, Meliadoff Faculty Club, Mount Scopus
6:30 a.m.: Peter Willes, London School of Economics
"Developments in Economic Policy"
Discussants: Michael Chudinski, Joseph Berliner, Zev Katz
11:30 a.m.: Nissan Oren, The Hebrew University, "Soviet Foreign Policy - the Present in Perspective"
Galia Golan, The Hebrew University, "Is There an Andropov Policy?"
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The public must be told

Ephraim Kishon

THERE HAS BEEN much talk lately, here and elsewhere in the free world, about just where the blessings of democracy end and the thrill of self-destruction begins. The rules of the game are familiar: no Western government is immune to public criticism, thanks to the independence of the media, guardians of public morality. The public must be told the truth: that's the principle on which true democracy is built.

Or ruined, as the case may be. The free world accepts the notion that where there is plenty of light, there must be a good deal of shadow as well. This is as much as to say that in order to expose a U.S. president caught lying worse than most, you have to put up with pictures of Jacqueline Kennedy caught in the nude; and in order to have democracy in a place like New York, you must give up going out in it after dark.

Maybe it puts in the long run. This writer tends to believe that freedom is worth it at any price. I would opt for an impotent democracy over the best-run tyranny in the world any day. Only let them stop dinnin' in our ears that the public must know the truth.

It's under this slogan that in England, mighty bastion of democracy, a keen representative of the free press wades through water and climbs over walls to get a snapshot of the pregnant Princess of Wales in a bikini. Why? Because the public must know. Because it isn't enough if the public is told that their future queen is with child; it must see the royal belly for itself.

The same dedicated pursuit of the naked truth on behalf of a public that must know apparently motivated those two TV boys in Alabama who rushed off the moment they heard of an unemployed wretch who meant to set fire to himself. The two pros even lent a helping hand, advising the man on how, and from just what camera angle, to light the match. Why? Because the public must be told.

That is the principle guiding all editors, legmen and anchormen, and there's only one party that's never asked its opinion on the subject, and that is the public itself.

PERHAPS because if they asked, they might not like what they heard. It's a fact, at least, that the picture of Princess Diana was met with a great public outcry, and that those two Alabama firewatchers were forced to go into hiding for fear of the public's wrath.

As for such a less advanced country as our own, which for want of princesses or unemployed has rather things on its mind, a recent p.o. poll found that some two-thirds of Israeli adults consider our media to be harmful to the national interest and injurious to public morale.

Thus spoke the public which must know the truth - and was promptly told by the purveyors of that truth that it ought to be ashamed of itself, how dumb could it get, it was undermining Israeli democracy, *gevalt*.

One may of course ask since when democracy, i.e., government by the people, can be undermined by a majority of the people voicing its opinion. But then, that is one of the nice things about democracy - that it's sort of a flexible, multi-purpose concept, to be used any way you want like n tissue.

When, for instance, two Supreme Court justices decide against the

minority opinion of a third that our TV must be allowed to screen interviews with PLO leaders, that - a majority ruling of two to one - is democracy at its best. But when two-thirds of the public say they're not crazy to see Arafat's noble visage on the tube night after night - then that is undemocratic and a threat to all the five freedoms.

It's an admirable approach, and very progressive at that. For it is they, the progressives among us, who fight against racial prejudice and discrimination, who stand up for the rights of our brethren from the Oriental communities - till it turns out our brethren are for Begin-Begin, the primitive rabble.

And how convincing it sounds when you say, "Well, maybe that famous TV piece about our embittered soldiers in Lebanon was rather painful, maybe it even did harm in a way, but you can't deny it reflected the popular view in this country." All very well, but if the popular view gets up and declares that it doesn't wish to be reflected, what then? The public be damned?

Actually the progressives are right, though. Public opinion has no opinion. Public opinion doesn't evolve spontaneously but is produced in factories. In the East those factories are state-owned; in the West they're in private hands - and in precisely those places tend to only reflect popular opinion: the all-powerful media, the mighty public-opinion moulders and the greatest hypnotists of all time.

IT'S NOT ONLY British royalty they hound, it's every available public figure - politicians, artists, sportsmen, and just plain suckers the media have it in for.

One even gets the feeling sometimes that press and TV are out to prevent the creation of stable governments in the free West. Every public servant, from the U.S. president down to the last of our mins., gets out of bed every morning in the stance of a frightened boxer, wondering where the next blow will come from. For the media are no respecters of persons, and no one is safe from them - not the queen of England and not our own first lady, not the chief of staff nor a soldier's mother weeping by his grave.

The free media vie with each other for the latest scandal and the most shameless probe into private affairs. Two Nancy Reagans in her slip are worth three Thatchers in mid-sneeze on the picture bourse, and two scratching Aridos one Shiron in a sweat. Most of the world's newspapers compete against each other, catch as catch can, and television competes against the papers. Not, heaven forbid, for the sake of circulation figures and audience statistics, but for the public and its right to know.

No wonder that the free world's leaders, who beside their personal careers are also supposed to work for the welfare of their people, spend half their time worrying about how to avoid letting slip any leak-worthy fact; how to prevent getting photographed while chewing, yawning, talking to women in halting silt; how never to stumble on a staircase, never to cough, and above all never to annoy the moulders of public opinion.

It's a lost battle, though. Every American president is demolished by the media in his first year, and every Israeli leader at the first chance. There's no fighting it. A couple of reporters decided 20 years ago that Shimon Peres was a nothing, and now there's nothing he can do about it. His talent, his strength of purpose, his contribution to this country's defence - nothing will null him. What do they want from Peres? Nobody knows. He's just a good butt, that's all - nearly as good as that Begin, the Tuscian.

Whenever I read in the papers these days what a terrible state we are in, how weak and vulnerable we are economically, socially and politically, or whenever I watch our lost Lebanon war on TV, my mind goes back to World War II and I ask myself: why didn't the British media announce after the fall of France that England was defenceless and the Germans could land on its beaches and conquer it in a week? For that was the truth, and the public had to be told. I don't know, just as I don't know why we have to keep signalling to the Lebanese, the Russians and the Americans that never mind our peace terms, we'll have to get out of Lebanon in any case under the pressure of public opinion.

It's as pertinent to ask why, at the height of a war, they don't show blinded and crippled soldiers on TV. Are there no wounded soldiers? Mustn't the public know? It's like another thing I always wonder about: why don't they ever show in-flight movies of a fatal airplane crash? Are there no fatal airplane crashes? Then why conceal the truth from passengers in flight?

"THE PUBLIC must know the truth. That's where our strength lies - in exposing the truth."

Oh yeah? The British won the Falklands war because they managed to keep their media from telling the truth until the last moment, that's to say, until they'd won it. The Vietnam war, on the other hand, was shown on American TV in full colour and with no detail spared. The American public hasn't recovered from it to this day.

The public has no quarrel with the newspapers. It has a quarrel with TV that thinks it is a newspaper.

It isn't. Television is the most important educational tool this country has, not an outfit for the grabbing of scoops, leaks and sensations from under the nose of the press.

We have many newspapers but only one television. A newspaper must worry about ads; TV must concern itself with the nation's morale. That's what it gets paid for from the public's pocket. No one wants or expects our independent Broadcasting Authority to obey *diktats* from the powers that be. Still, one can keep a finger on the nation's pulse even without a guiding hand from on high; it's enough to be professional.

Newspapers do not have a set of regulations. Television has. It is obliged by law to reflect the opinions of all sectors of the public, not that of its own editors. The latest that of its own editors. The majority polls show clearly what the majority of our public wish to see on their screens. The media must know the truth.

Translated by Miriam And.
By arrangement with "Ma'ariv".

WHAT'S ON

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ART GUIDE

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Jerusalem
MUSEUMS
Israel Museum, Exhibitions: Old Lamp section; Permanent collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology, 52 Months in Job one; Bezalel 1983; Portable: Letterheads by Pen-tagant; Primitive Art from Museum collection; How to Look at a Painting; James Turrell, Two Spaces Special Exhibits; Byzantine church mosaic, 5th cent.; Israel Museum Awards 1983; Tenth Anniversary of Jan Mitchell Gull; Johannes Brahms in Photographs; Uncommon coin board; Sefer Maaseh Tovrah; Japanese Kinship Sculpture; Kaleb Lerner, Jewish Kingdom; Dore Goldmann, Israel Discount Bank, 03-248251.
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former military outpost, Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-3 p.m. 11 Hail (Hailuosa St.)
Old Yishuv Court Museum, The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-World War II, 6 Rehov, Or Haim, Jewish Quarter Old City, Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-4 p.m.
Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Helel Shlomo: Permanent Exhibition of Judaica. Thematic Room: History of Jewish People, Special Shavuos Exhibit, Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri, 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 635212.

Tel Aviv
MUSEUMS
Tel Aviv Museum, New Exhibitions: Expressions, Continuing Exhibitions: A.R. Penck, Expedition to the Holy Land, Helmut Lerski, Photographs 1910-1947, Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, 20th Cent. Art: Israel Art New Acquisitions, 1982-1983; Gaby Klusner, David Reeb, Landscapes 1983; 11 Sculptures and Engravings, Israel Museum, Tel Aviv, Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri, 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 635212.

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Faithful to a fault



Kevin Kline as Nathan, Meryl Streep as Sophie, and Peter McNicol as Stingo in Alan J. Pakula's film rendition of William Styron's 'Sophie's Choice.'

CINEMA Dan Fainaru

that, in this case, the fiction is so carefully documented that it is barely fiction at all.

Also, the combination of Nazi crimes dredged up from Sophie's past and the sexual components of her present, found abominable by some reviewers, is no more abominable than life itself, which, for those who survived, has to go on, sexual aspects included.

As for the presentation of Nazis as vulnerable beings, repellent as this may be it is exactly this vulnerability, this apparent human frailty, that made their existence so blood-curdling. It would have been much easier if every Nazi had had burns and hoofs; but unfortunately they didn't. And anyone who complains that this is rendering absolute evil human should remember it every time he hurls epithets like "nazi" and "fascist" at any head he doesn't like.

COMING BACK to the movie, it is not lack of reverence towards the Holocaust that makes it fail, but rather the awe inspired by this tremendous subject, and by the novel in print.

It is very nice to emulate Styron and tell the story, on film, in the first person; but there is no such thing as first person in cinema, for the first person is the camera itself, looking at everybody else from outside. Therefore you already have a double standard approach: the camera trying to tell one story while the narrator's voice is attempting to put into words whatever is shown on the screen.

In the process, the character of the narrator — that is, of Styron himself, a rounded and complex personality in the novel, is shriveled on film to a mere shadow. Since additional pruning was necessary, Nathan Landau becomes a kind of monumentally morbid prankster without much flesh to his bones.

Sophie is the only one to whom the movie does full justice, not doubt because Meryl Streep has gone to incredible lengths to fashion every detail, every glance and every hesitant gesture in her performance. This is indeed an amazing achievement, intellectual acting at its best.

But not only have characters been maimed; much of the thematic balance in the novel has gone haywire. The rabid excesses of Polish anti-Semitism are toned down; the heavy burden of racial guilt borne by the Southerner pursued by the image of black rebel Nat Turner is non-existent; Sophie's contacts with the so-called nermal world are ignored. By shrinking the whole story into a manageable size, Pakula has somehow reached an acceptable form of script; but, to come back to the initial argument, who needs it?

AKIRA KUROSAWA'S 13-year-old movie *Dodeskaden* is, I am not mistaken, a strange combination of two sources of inspiration: Gorky's *Lower Depths* (which Kurosawa had adapted earlier, brilliantly, for the screen) and de Sica's *Hirshle in Milan*. On top of these influences Kurosawa poured a strong dose of his own profound pessimism, the result being so downbeat that no one was really surprised when he tried to commit suicide after making this film. It certainly looks suicidal enough for any taste.

For what Kurosawa is saying in this movie is absolutely clear: life itself is unbearable and the only way to go on is to forgo hope, escape into an imaginary universe and ignore the ignominy of reality. Any other way leads to physical or emotional death; which, in this instance, are one and the same thing.

To prove his thesis, Kurosawa develops a series of parallel episodes, all anchored in an imaginary slum on the outskirts of an imaginary city. Each episode shows another aspect of human misery, sometimes humorously, sometimes grotesquely, often resorting to melodrama and even to tragedy.

The movie opens and ends with the briefest and least developed, yet the most symbolic, story of them all. An obviously backward teenager leaves his mother's impoverished home-cum-diner on a busy mid-town street, sets his sights on the wasteland on the opposite side, and moves swiftly across the street imitating the sounds of a tram. Evidently he is playing at being the driver, and the noises he emits, a sort of onomatopoeic imitation of a moving tram, become the name of the movie itself, for there is no other meaning to the word *Dodeskaden*. The same teenager, who, at the end of the day, returns home in the same imaginary vehicle, closes the film, putting the final touch to an image of the bliss to be found in an escape from reality, eventually even into madness.

BUT THIS teenager is by no means the sole exponent of Kurosawa's outlook. Another episode shows two interchangeable couples, in which the husbands spend their days in hard work, their evenings in drinking and their nights in total stupor, by the side of spouses whose identity is irrelevant. That is why, in the middle of the film, the two friends switch homes and wives and life goes on as if nothing had happened. Even the women, who meet regularly at the fountain in the centre of the shantytown where we have already met the disturbed teenager, do not seem to mind the change, or to think it matters one way or another.

Then there is the epileptic clerk (is it a distant echo of *Ikiru*?) who knows that his shrew of a wife is still preferable to all the well-intentioned friends he might have, for she has stuck by him all these years. In other words, he realizes that there are different degrees of despair, and that he should be content that he is not on the lowest rung.

There are the father and son who build castles in Spain while almost dying of malnutrition in the car-wreck which serves as their home; the betrayed husband who refuses

to forgive his wife and retreats into a mute ignoring of the world, a sort of suicide without death; the girl who supports her uncle and aunt, until she is raped by the uncle, and then, in desperate protest, attempts to kill the only person who has been kind to her. There is the wise old man who stays in the shantytown as a kind of counsellor and prop in times of stress, and is capable of an almost Christian gesture (Christian in the biblical, not the ecclesiastical sense), when he offers a thief all the loot he wants because he probably needs it so much.

All these characters live side by side in the illusory universe created by Kurosawa, a planet of its own to which they escape after their daily chores.

COLOUR is of the utmost importance here, whether in the hickdrop, hand-painted by Kurosawa himself and implying a vitality that is just beyond the borders of the world inhabited by his characters, or in the specific shades used for the different stories. Thus we have dark blue for the father and son episode; dead grey for the betrayed husband; a strong contrast of colours in the homes and dresses of the two workers and their wives; delicate pastel shades around the flower girl who is the victim of rape; quiet, restrained hues in the old man's shack.

Kurosawa went to a great deal of trouble to get his colours and made a pest of himself in the Japanese laboratories, for whom his requirements were totally off the beaten track.

A most carefully orchestrated film, a treatise in human dejection, a sort of *Torilla Flat* in which all smiles are sad, it is no wonder that *Dodeskaden* had commercial troubles wherever it was released. Critics liked it, it even rated a best foreign film Oscar, but the public found it heavy going. In Japan, it ran over four hours, for 40 minutes was cut to two hours, 40 minutes. Cinephiles will not want to miss it, but the average filmgoer might think it isn't too much fun.

THE JEWELRY OF the Yemenite Jews has long been one of the wonders of the goldsmith's art. The contrast between a society which was technically retarded in so many ways and the high level of skills of their smiths has puzzled observers ever since this delicate work in gold and silver first became known in the Western world.

Many different influences can be detected in the Yemenite jewelry, but put together the work becomes a well-defined and unique art form. The patterns, designs and techniques that characterize this work are stylized, yet have a grace and beauty that seems to flow from the objects themselves.

San'a was the traditional centre of this art and Jewish craftsmen have plied their craft in that city for as long as there have been Jews there. Some date the first appearance of Jewish smiths to the earliest settlers, at the time of the Second Temple, and legend says that among those settlers were smiths who had made sacred vessels and ornaments for the holy Temple itself and for the high priests.

THE CRAFT was always a family matter and the secrets of the craft were carefully passed down from father to son throughout the generations. The Moslems of the Yemen relied on these smiths for their ornaments, too. Since a woman's most cherished possession in the Islamic world is her dowry of jewelry, the acquisition of bracelets, necklaces and head-bands is of great importance.

The Moslems did not have any particular demands as to design, so the traditional Jewish designs were used, and many Moslem brides had jewelry that was decorated with the Magen David, significant gemal numbers and pomegranates.

For it was the pomegranate that became the true hallmark of Yemenite Jewish jewelry. While the Moslem smiths throughout Islam had always favoured the cardamon seed as a symbol of fertility, the Jews of Yemen adopted the pomegranate, which is also a fruit containing innumerable seeds.

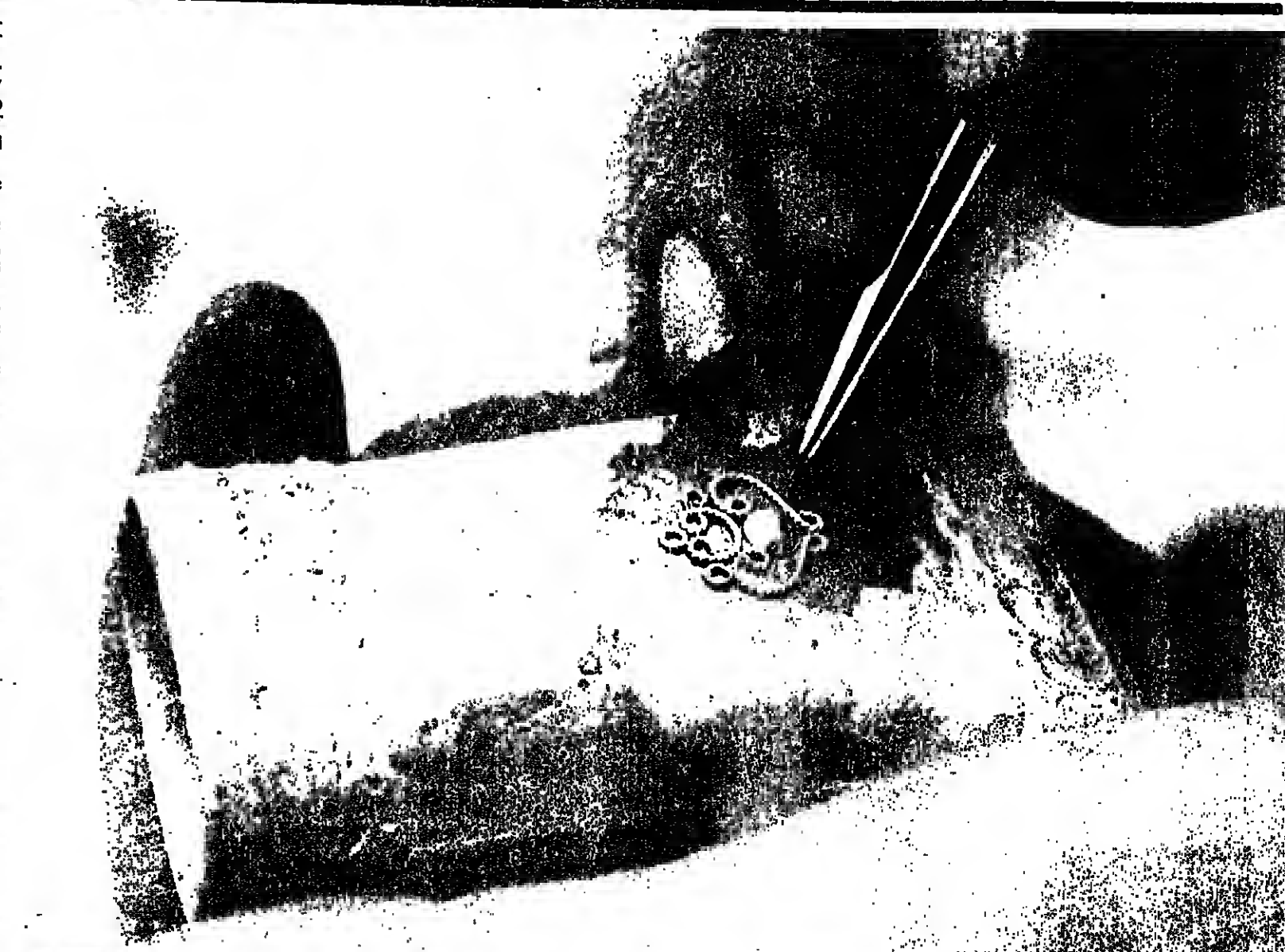
So thoroughly did this symbol insert itself into every piece of Yemenite silver and gold work that early Yemenite smiths in Israel even added it to brooches and pendants made in the European style for an Ashkenazi market.

Another special mark was the appearance of granules of metal, arranged in clusters of five, seven, eight or nine...symbolic of the five books of the Torah, the seven days of the week, the eight days of a child's life until the *brit mila* and the nine months of pregnancy.

BUT NOT ONLY was women's jewelry made by these exacting craftsmen. They also produced fine objects for men, such as ornaments for saddle and bridle, belt buckles, rings and holders for playing cards as well as plates and vases for the home. All of these items also bore the Yemenite designs in beautiful filigree and plaited silver and gold.

For the poorer people from the villages there were fine items in cheaper materials, such as silver containing up to 40 per cent copper, but in every case they were made with pride and loving care.

With the emigration of almost all of Yemenite Jewry to Israel in the 1940s, the art, ancient and honoured, began to die out. There was no market. The Yemenites were too poor to buy these items, as were most of the other members of the Oriental communities to whom they appealed, while those with mora



San'a's secrets

According to legend, the first Jewish goldsmiths came to Yemen more than 2,000 years ago. The ancient craft began to die out three decades ago. AVIVA KLEIN-FRANCKE reports on a revival of interest in Israel today. The photographs were taken by Karen Benzian.

money, the European Jews, admired the art form but had no desire to purchase. Only a few collectors were interested in acquiring these works.

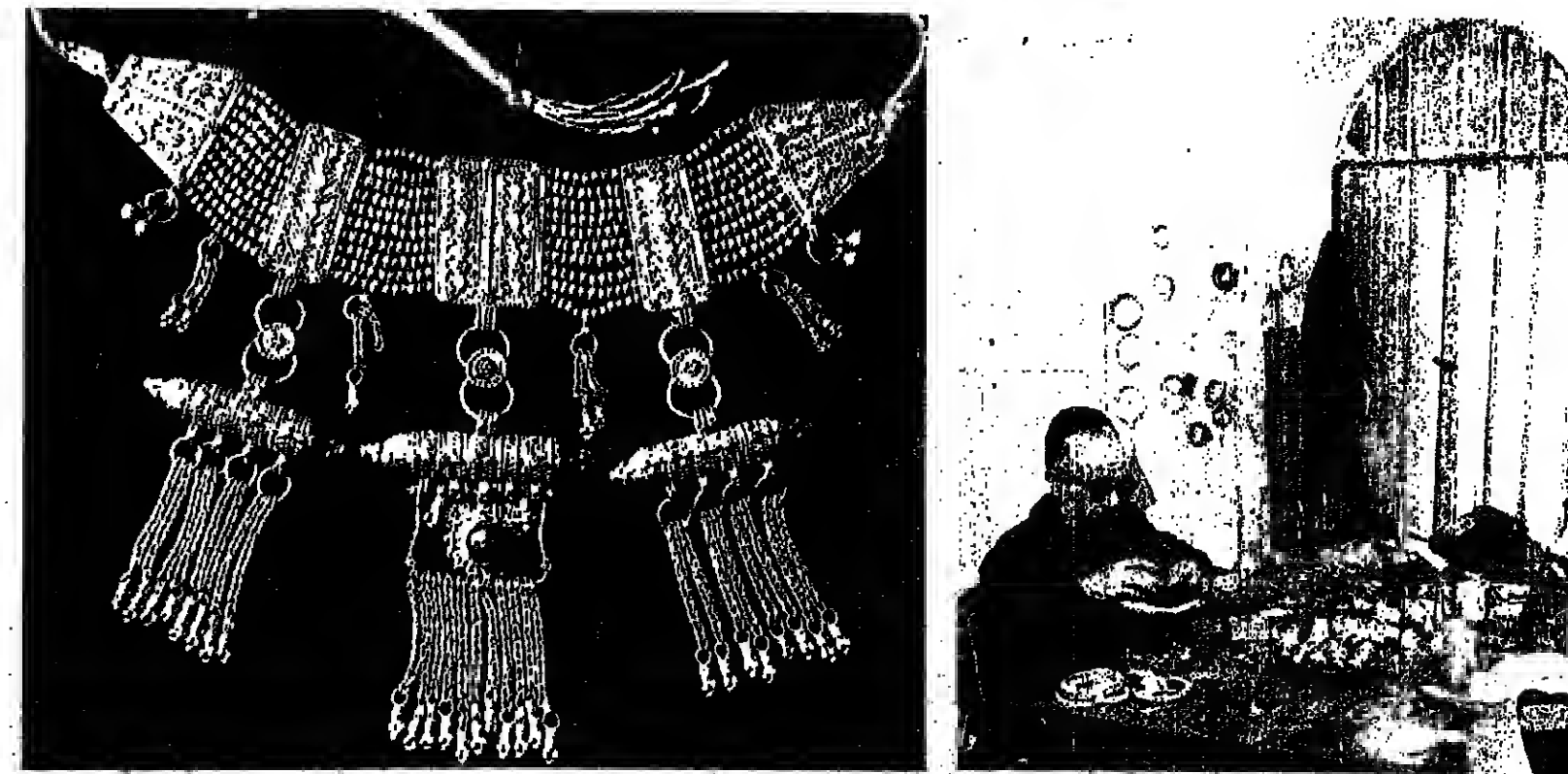
But while the work was not appreciated locally, the Yemen

government feared that the exodus of these Jewish craftsmen would mean the end of goldsmithing in their country. They held a number of the best craftsmen hostage, releasing them after their Moslem apprentices had mastered their trade.

Today there are only a few, very old Yemenites who still carry the secrets of this fine craft, and until recently it seemed that when they died it would be the end of a grand tradition. However, there is reported to be

a revival of interest on the part of the Yemenite Jewish community, and at the same time young craftsmen, most of them not Yemenites, are seeking out these old masters and learning from them.

One of the few Yemenite goldsmiths still active in Israel, Shimon Sharabani, in the Zadok workshop in Jerusalem.



FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1983

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE ELEVEN

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1983

Empty protest

Gil Goldfine

AS THE Lebanese conflict ebbs into political rhetoric, many have stood up to be counted. Some artists jumped months ago into the critical arena; others, like sculptor Pinchas Eshet, required a bit more time to digest matters before making brash, unqualified, statements.

Eshet has had to abandon his elegantly stylized porcelain busts and objects. He has replaced them with gargantuan, larger than life female figures and nasty-looking dogs. To qualify his art, Eshet also displays four prominent "symbolic" pictures from 20th century art (Boccioni's "Figure in Motion," the "Uncle Sam Wants You" poster; an acrobatic gudeess from the 1936 Berlin Olympics; and a poster advertising the benefits of the Revolution, dated 1920) to give credence to his "Uprise and Courage," the title of his show.

The centerpiece comprises three white plaster-of-Paris figures, spashed and brushed with royal blue, identifying the person with the State. These "women," by nature of their aggressive mannerisms, postulate courage, bravery and martyrdom. Emoting feverishly with everything they've got, Eshet's figures are denoted to clichés, rank-and-file allegories that echo "Liberty on the Barricade," and the raising of the flag over two Jims. The half-dozen blue-and-white hounds, together with several hollow, welded metal figures stapled around the gallery, are also melodramatic statues portrayed as stalwart guardians of who knows what.

Eshet manages to diminish the formal sculptural elements (volume, space, planes, edges and surface) while elevating the narrative message to such a pitch that one shrugs off the work as mere propaganda or just another glimpse of empty protest. (Radius Gallery, Dizengoff Center, Tel Aviv). Till June 15.

ZIVA CASPI'S small bronze sculptures are formula stereotypes, facial and anatomical features rearranged in fragmented compositions. Using all the right "devices," (pouting lips, drooping eyes, twisted necks) Caspi pursues emotion via programmed gestures. The only interesting aspect of Caspi's art is her effective use of contrasting stone plinths. (Hindassa "K" Gallery, 33 Frug, Tel Aviv). Till June 4.

MOSHE NINIO'S photographic enlargements, entitled "The Silver Period," are not understandable. The idea is incoherent, the source inconsequential and the product (art?) solemn, stodgy and dreary. (Nenmi Givon Contemporary Art, 4 Natan Hachuchim, Tel Aviv). Till June 8.

Arabs and Jews

Ephraim Harris

SHIRAZ (Ein Harod Meuhad) shows oils of Mt. Gilboa, visible from the artist's kibbutz. The paintings, smooth and competent, employ not more than three colours, and, at times, just two. The most pleasing are those where vegetation tops the sky line and is just discernable on the slopes. However, some special inspiration, apart from proximity, must have existed for the choice of subject. That seems missing, except perhaps in the partially stylized work consisting of two rounded and voluminous segments in red and green respectively, joined by a large flat blue area between them. Such items convey a wild and aggressive nobility but in view of their similarity, are hardly enough for a full-sized show. (Abba Khoushy Gallery, Haifa). Till May ARAB, DRUSE AND JEWISH ARTISTS. In an ably selected show, mrsk. Bot Hagafen's 20th anniversary. Of Ereza's figurative "Compositions," the most powerful is the expressionist (2) in a dark grey. A hopeful new comer, Yavneil, has a quasi-abstract arrangement of burst green pears and also a leafless tree spread across a monochrome background; Salim's poster-like "Landscape" depends on defined bright colour areas and line. Abu-



Pinchas Eshet: welded metal sculpture (Radius Gallery, Tel Aviv).

space, planes, edges and surface) while elevating the narrative message to such a pitch that one shrugs off the work as mere propaganda or just another glimpse of empty protest. (Radius Gallery, Dizengoff Center, Tel Aviv). Till June 15.

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Literary illusions

Meir Ronnen

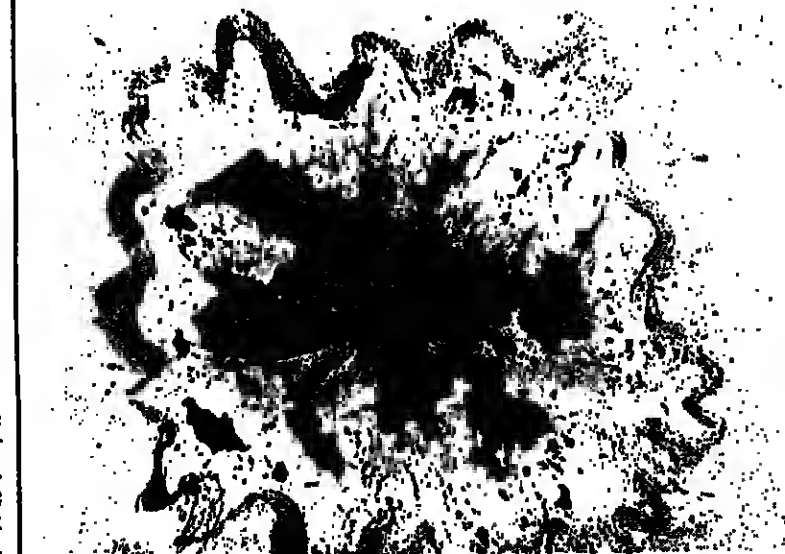
HASSIA JANET COREY shows "dropped" paintings on vinyl, the liquid acrylic paint having been literally dropped or squirted down onto the opaque surface with the force and near symmetry of an explosion. Most of them look like Rorschach tests and several seem to have been made in the same way, by folding and blotting, the paint dispersing as *frötiage* on the non-absorbent surface.

Corey heightens the explosive effect by shaping the finished work into a convex volume, sometimes with a few concave indentations. The edges of the unfurled, unstretched vinyl are often artfully tattered and torn, adding to an already



Anton Biedermann: nude, 1983 (Alan Gallery, J'lem).

unfortunate decorative effect. Corey's work is latter-day Pollock, but with less compositional subtlety and fewer surprises, despite the impression of forcefulness and pleasantly high colour. Her pretentious catalogue note speaks of



Hassia Janet Corey: "Chesed" (detail), acrylic on vinyl, 1980 (American Cultural Center, Jerusalem).



Shiraz: oil from The Mountain series (Abba Khoushy Gallery, Haifa).

"Bird," the first naturalistic, the second (the best of the trio), called "Impressionist," but actually abstract; and the third said to be abstract but entirely unconnected with the subject: Krolberg's erect "Mother and Child" (olive wood) represents a successful Madonna-esque mother; but the clinging boy is, strangely, between five and eight.

The 20 years' celebrations also include the institution's other activities, e.g. folk-dancing; and in its nearby second building, are graphics, etchings (from its studio), sculpture, ceramics and hand weaving. (Hagafen Gallery, Haifa). Till end May.

JOSEPH ZDROJEVITCH shows oils and drawings and is an artist whose subjects have always been drawn from sylvan themes in a representationalism stated in his own terms (at first acquaintance with his work, his trees had bright blue trunks, an example of the correlative subjective in painting). At this exhibition the visitor gets the impression that, despite the absence of dates, it opens with fairly naturalistic early canvases of savage or romantic forests; and then arrives at his present day personal expressionism.

Unexpectedly, Zdrojevitch switches from forest depths to a

poetic (but still personal) note: "Branches" (18) are spread out in almost linear abstract formation; while "Trees" (34) become slender and delicate veins approximating those of leaves. A wholly different theme is his "Clouds." Here he ventures into pure colour. They defy classification: devoid of any visible connection with the firmament, they might be abstract but that unmistakable rushing movement, the feeling of movement in space, impart realism to their existence.

The drawings, academic flowers etc., are less engaging, except where they repeat the oils. (Beit Chagall, Haifa). Till June 1.

DAOUD HAYEK employs outspoken colour, sharply defined line and highly disciplined composition, in a style not uncommon among Arab artists. Subjects are often symbolic or allegoric, seemingly outside our imagination and yet clearly within a general aesthetic. First place goes to "Woman in Red," a compelling red as the sole colour for a system of whorls and curving lines, at the middle of which nestles a curious stylized face; and the fantastic "Dance" where blue figures, unrelated to any actual existence, catch the mobile and animated spirit of the title. In other exhibits, like 6, Hayek is entirely abstract; or, as in "Oriental Woman," placed neatly in her surroundings. Lastly, there is the grandiose symbolism of a female figure representing "The Earth" typical of the style outlined at the start. (Beit Chagall, Haifa). Till June 1.

ANTON BIEDERMANN is a forceful young painter with a fine sense of colour, but who is still deeply floundering in a sea of influences. His first one-man-show at this gallery runs the gamut from Francis Bacon to the new German expressionists like Salome, Fetting and Kiefer, not to mention an upside-down birth symbol that cries Baselitz. Nearer home is the influence of Ori Raiman (many of whose works are owned by this gallery), expressed in the best and most powerful painting on show: a brutally broad but effectively "right" composition of a woman in red and yellow. The yellow is not quite the right yellow, but the bold shapes and colours, contrasted with the misty treatment of the face, are nicely disconcerting. Some of the show is autobiographical, relating to the artist and his family and organised in crudely unrelated trip-ticks. Biedermann's work brims with energy, as though he cannot wait to set things down. One recalls an old adage: less haste, more speed. (Alan Gallery, cnr. 51 Pulmich, J'lem.) Till June 6.

"IT LOOKED just like Ben-Gurion Airport. The whole town was there, with everybody pushing those enormous luggage-size carts."

This was how my Finnish friend Eeva, who works in Tiberias, described the recent opening of the Tnuva Hyper-Shuk here. I returned with her a few days later, after the excitement had subsided, not because the Hyper experience is all that unusual by now: the Tiberias one is, after all, the 13th in the Tnuva chain. But I thought that going hyper-shopping with one of the thriftiest Finns I know — and Finns are as thrifty as Israelis are wasteful — would be a hyper-experience.

The full implications of the prefix "hyper" seems to have escaped local name-givers. It comes from the Greek *hyper*, in the sense of over, above, exceeding and excessive, the last two being, I think, applicable to the Israeli shopping scene. Thus, hyperesthesia means morbid sensitivity of the nerves; hyperbole is an exaggerated statement. Hypercritical means too critical and hypertrophy means enlargement due to excessive nutrition — a good place to stop at the dictionary list, which goes on and on.

We put some potatoes and a container of cottage cheese in our enormous cart, which hardly amounted to a hyper-shop. But this helped save time at the "baggage control," where purchases are checked after you leave the establishment: the management does not entirely trust the cashiers' hyper-technology.

I AM perfectly aware that the worldwide trend is away from the corner grocery and toward the huge, computerized, coded, Hyper-Super-Kol, which is supposed to provide savings through bulk shopping and, in the case of Tnuva, to increase these savings further by cutting out the middle-man, and bringing produce straight from the producer (or importer, as happens more and more) to the consumer. The trouble is that bulk buying tends to result in bulk garbage, for if ever waste was a way of life, it is here in Superhyperville.

The unfortunate word "consumerism" really refers not to consuming, but to buying and throwing out. (And anyway, why "consumerism" when not "workerism" or "painterism" or "adulterism"?) Self-righteously, I walk daily past garbage bins that are rich cornucopias overflowing with roast chicken, sandwiches, tomatoes, risotto, chocolate cake, just name your preference, not to mention the beds, mattresses and chairs with which Galilee is strewn.

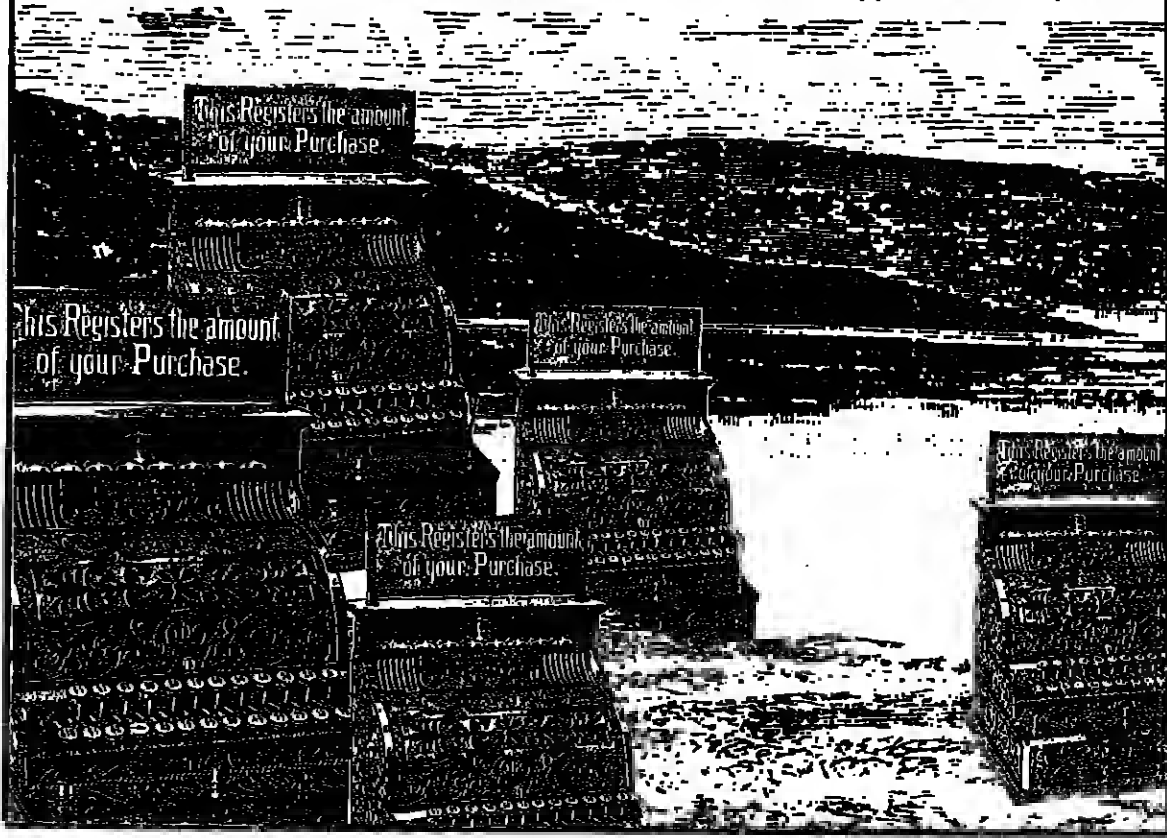
MY SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS is supported by my Finnish connection. Finns, even the swinging modern ones, do not waste food as we do and find our habits hard to understand. And these apply to most of our institutions, from the army to the hotels, as much as to the individual.

"We have an old tradition that food is a gift from God," Eeva tells me, and as such it must not be flung out indiscriminately. The point is the principle, not the pennies saved. The Finns appear to live their traditions, while we merely talk about them endlessly.

FINLAND, incidentally, went over to summer time while still under nearly a metre of snow. "It means an important saving," Eeva says earnestly, "even though much of our electricity comes from water-power." Of which there is a miracle

A nation of shoppers

HELGA DUDMAN is less than hyperenthusiastic when she comes face to face with Tiberias' great leap forward into hyperconsumption.



of plenty. The Finns, who have 55,000 bikes, cannot comprehend our waste of water. And throughout timber-rich Scandinavia, newspapers are recycled. We cannot be huddled with it. We tried, but it was too much trouble.

I hasten to add that Finland is no longer inhabited exclusively by thrifty woodsmen and elves. Finns travel abroad, get plenty of paid holidays, own more cars per capita than we do, and got their first supermarkets 25 years ago. They have summer cottages, though their summers are as short as our spring, and garden feverishly during that time, carefully using all kitchen compost for the soil. Furthermore, they often build their summer cottages with their own hands instead of buying them as an investment: Tiberias is strewn with contractor-built holiday flats that are empty perhaps 90 per cent of the year.

My Finnish friends know and love Tiberias, and some of them have returned 15 or more times. But they look in wonderment at the piles of wasted food. One took home with her some tomato seeds — not bought, mind you, but picked out of a tomato — and grew them back home in frigid Finland, first indoors under plastic and then outside in the difficult Finnish spring, for a crop of Israeli tomatoes in Helsinki.

When Eeva and I walk past the mounds of golden bread baking atop the garbage bins, I mumble something about subsidies, which only makes the national character seem worse. Here we have the biblical staff of life, which Israeli children are carefully trained to refuse to eat when it is more than a few hours old. Some of my Finns accept day-old bread from their neighbours, partly because they cannot bear to see it become "sidewalk toast," and partly because their eyes positively light up at the thought of Poor Aristocrat — Koha Rikari in Finnish, Armer Ritter as German-speakers here

know it, not to mention plain old Bread Pudding, an American mainstay back when America was great.

WASTING FOOD seems to be determined culturally rather than economically. In Arab societies, I understand, it is good manners to leave something on your dish as a sign that you have eaten enough. In Central and Western Europe, one ate everything on the plate, or else it returned in the next meal.

Sir Moses Montefiore, whose background was Sephardi, saw to it that his household was run on scrupulously thrifty meals and, I am positive, he enjoyed leftovers arranged by Lady Judith for two reasons — the taste and the principle. But in Sephardi homes, as in Tiberias, where a generation ago money was in short supply, it is believed that food cooked today cannot possibly be eaten tomorrow.

In Finland, on the other hand, Eeva once worked for a large company where the Friday menu at the employees' canteen called for a special affectionately called *Viikkakausu*. This was the name of the weekly news review on television, like our Friday evening magazine. The point was that all the food which had appeared throughout the week reappeared Fridays, carefully edited. "We always knew what we'd get on Friday, but not in what form."

IT IS as dangerous to generalize about shopping habits as about shopping lists. There are mothers who still feel some ingrained urge to be careful, though this is usually blasted by the urge to indulge, or quiet the young. There are other minorities — often the rich, or those nurtured under other conditions, either here or abroad — who do not feel that the more bulging the bag, the better the outfit.

Poorer families with many children are often considered the most irresponsible shoppers, but this is no rule. A friend of mine, a

European-born teacher with one child, whirls through the Supermarket, paying no attention to prices. One day I watched her snatch a container of imported salt in a disgusting plastic dispenser (this is not the place to discuss the disgustingness) priced at precisely 10 times the cost for the same weight of Israeli salt in a plastic bag. My polite Finns might have murmured some gentle reproval in Finnish; I noisily shamed her into buying the local product. Of course, nobody is going to get rich by these little gestures, but with our prevailing attitudes, we have nobody to blame for the state of the nation and are simply living up to Mr. Aridor's notion of our national dim-wittedness.

It is a well-observed fact of Israeli life that money has little value; we cope painlessly with inflation by huying whatever is in sight, whether it is a strawberry, a video set or a car. How could anyone expect the typical Israeli housewife to evince the slightest interest in consumer organizations? The English were once derisively called a nation of shopkeepers; we are a nation of shoppers, and feverish ones. Americans, by contrast, were once known for driving their station-wagons for miles to find a cheaper peanut-butter, which is also not the highest approach to shopping, but at least indicates vestigial traces of the Puritans' "A penny saved is a penny earned."

A penny saved may be a kilo in the trash can, but here is a comparison of some recent prices, based on an armchair advertisement analysis. The large tin of Brite Instant Coffee was IS93.50 at the Supermarket (Tsarchania) as against IS95 at the new Hypershuk. A kilo of rice (imported) was IS23.90 versus IS23.50; a kilo of flour, IS16.90 versus IS15.90.

Here I am treading too far into the territory of my colleague Murtha Meisels; but it is clear that the differences are marginal. Fruits

and vegetables, provided you are buying for a battalion, may have the edge at the Hypershuk, but who is going to go running to and fro to check cabbage here, squash there?

The arrival of the Hypershuk is welcome if only to cope with the ravenous hordes who descend on Tiberias during the summer months, and leave their super-savings to litter the beaches. Not being natives, they do not get to know Bella, who is the real Secret Weapon of the Supermarket: everybody in town knows that there is no more friendly and efficient soul in all of Galilee.

TIBERIAS made the great leap forward from shuk to supermarket only about four years ago, which means that super to hyper was a relatively lesser surge. The shuk remains placid and homey, with none of the tensions of, say, the Tel Aviv market: women squat on the ground all day with two bunches of wilted parsley in their laps. Nevertheless, when a Golan Heights moshavnik wanted to open a competitive market some years back, he was kept from doing so by the powers down at our seemingly placid little market.

And before the Hypershuk opened, I heard rumours that Tnuva was withholding good produce at the Supermarket to pave the way for its new enterprise. This may be a filthy canard, but that's the way the wind was blowing.

Upwardly-mobile mothers with 2.3 children and their own cars tend to shop at the supermarket, located up the hill from the old part of town. Mothers of huge families who live further up the hill in the Project Renewal neighbourhood drag their shopping bags from the shuk in crowded buses, though Egged has now initiated a direct service to the Hypershuk.

Whether this intra-Histadrut activity will pay off in the next election remains to be seen. Elsewhere in the labour movement's economic network, the credit cards of one banking group permit the cagey shopper to beat at least that month's inflation.

TO ROUND this off with a return to Tiberias' Finnish connection. Twelve senior citizens recently received the honour of "Worthy of the City," just as in Jerusalem, for long years of contribution in various fields. The 13th was a non-Jewish Finn, Professor Aapeli Saaristo, Orientalist, archaeologist, prolific author, lecturer, and at 86 the most senior of all. He would not be caught in any supermarket, keeps hale by eating mostly the grasses of the field, and has been coming to Tiberias for six months every year for over 60 years.

The event was also attended by his old friend Ellahu Amitzur, 80, of Moshav Kfar Yehoshua, a rugged farmer who still works his land and has no telephone in his house. In describing his old Finnish friend's love of Israel, his scholarship, and his contributions to tourism here, Amitzur also stressed the professor's hatred of waste and conspicuous consumption — a point perhaps missed by the citizens of Tiberias, where several new shopping centres are now nearing completion.

Since all this is a lost cause, a voice crying in the wilderness of inflation and garbage, I might as well close with a suitably irrelevant saying in Finnish: *Matla Aja Hiltia Sillalla*. You might think it resembles an Arab prayer, but what it means is, "In the evening, drive slowly on the bridge." □

THERE ARE tours and there are tours. You can see all of Jerusalem in half a day, or you can spend hours viewing what most tourists only glance at as their guide hurries them on to the Western Wall, the Dome of the Rock, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the open market in the Old City.

Now there is a two-hour tour of the Ophel, the area that stretches from the Temple Mount to the road running down from Dung Gate.

The site spans 26 centuries of civilization, from King Solomon's time to that of Suleiman, and digging and reconstruction is still going on there.

According to archaeologist Meir Ben-Dov, the dig, of which he is in charge, is the biggest in Israel, and perhaps even in the world. The painstaking work of uncovering the past, begun by Prof. Binyamin Mazur, has continued for 15 years, winter and summer, and there are at least two more years of work to go.

The site lies between the City of David, to the south, a low ridge which David conquered from the Canaanites, and the Temple Mount, the sacred area which he purchased from the Jebusites. In the days of Solomon, there were palaces and official buildings here.

The finds are rich and varied and date to the Herodian, the Roman, the Byzantine and the Arab periods. Among the ruins which the archaeologists laid down for themselves was the one that they would not just show the monumental finds from the Second Temple period, but would also stress the interesting finds from all the other epochs.

This approach, says Ben-Dov, not only establishes historical truth, but also reflects the sensitive position of Jerusalem, which is special to many people. What we have, as a result, is a remarkable glimpse into the lives of people who occupied the site, and a living lesson on the way archaeologists should work.

"WE CAN WALK down through 25 layers," says Ben-Dov, and that adds up to the 25 times the inhabitants made changes in their city.

These changes are clearly evident in one of the first items we are shown. It is a column lying on its side, with the word Caesar clearly visible. Not visible to the naked eye is the name of Titus, the Roman general who conquered Jerusalem and destroyed the Temple and later became emperor. Nor can we see that the name of Silva, the Roman general who conquered Masada, was once inscribed and later removed.

But the story of the column does not end there. After Ben-Dov points it out to us, we see that its base is far larger than it should be; this smaller column was carved out of one of the massive monumental columns of Herod's Temple and formed part of an 8th-century Moslem palace. To give the story a modern touch, Ben-Dov recalls that during the first year of excavations he found a very similar column on Tishbi B'Av, the fast day marking the destruction of the Temple.

There is less emotion attached to the Crusader tower we now ascend. It is a marvelous vantage point from which to survey the entire area. To the south of us runs the wall of Suleiman the Magnificent, the 16th-century Ottoman emperor; to the west, the walls of an earlier Moslem palace, uncovered during the excavations.

It is the preservation and reconstruction of buildings such as the latter which give the lie to the charges — by UNESCO, among

others — that the excavations preserve only Jewish remains. In fact, Ben-Dov said, the excavations have shed new light on the early Abrahamic period, unrecorded in the annals of later Moslem historians.

This work, he adds, is clearly recognized by the Moslem religious council, which has allowed Ben-Dov to measure whatever he wants on the Temple Mount and has even given him help, in the form of electric lighting.

As for UNESCO, last month they sent an expert to visit the site, Prof. Raymond Lenoir of Belgium. But when it came to formulating their resolutions, the members only paid attention to one sentence in his report, the one stating that he visited the excavations. The rest, says Ben-Dov, is pure fantasy, politically motivated attacks in what is ostensibly a non-political area.

Ben-Dov bristled over one comment made by Lenoir, to the effect that, while other countries — such as India and Indonesia — seek the advice of international experts with regard to excavation and reconstruction, the Israelis act entirely on their own. In this, Ben-Dov replies that Israel, with a recognized international reputation in these areas, can easily teach others how to go about it.

This is evident in the Byzantine rooms directly under the Crusader tower. Here the archaeologists found the remains of wood ceilings and used them in the reconstructed chambers. The restorers also replaced a variety of plaster undercoats, including one in which small stones had been embedded in the wet plaster, another which involved hammering dents into the dried plaster, and, most sophisticated of all, using a roller to make birdlike tracks up and down the wet plaster walls. All these were used to provide a base for a final smooth coat which has not survived.

WE ENTER one room across a mosaic floor. It is a relatively simple pattern and Ben-Dov notes that he and his colleagues made a conscious decision to allow visitors to walk on it, "to feel that such floors were actually used and are not just museum pieces."

Outside the room, which Ben-Dov believes probably housed an entire family, there is a small courtyard, complete with potted plants, such as might have graced it when it was part of a residence. Care has been given to the plantings on the site. All are local flora which might have once been found outside the original buildings.

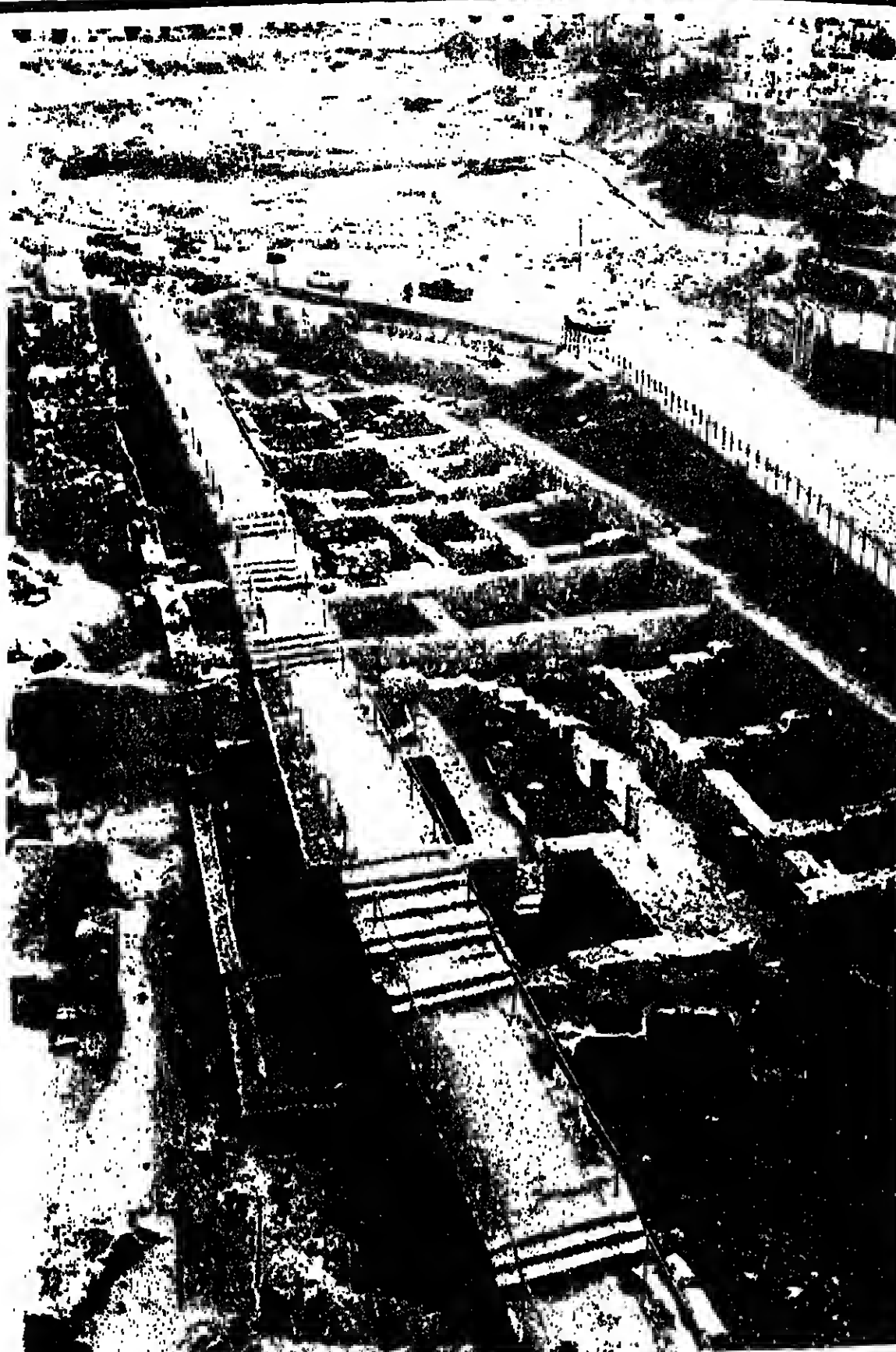
To get from one part of the Byzantine complex to the other, outside the Ottoman wall, we take advantage of an Omayyad sewage tunnel. On the way we stop at a cave, dug from the rock in Second Temple times and used during the Byzantine period as a cool food storage area.

Only a few metres away is a spot with Second Temple period dwellings. They have not been completely reconstructed, but the amateur archaeologist can easily discern the private *milke* in each one.

Above them rise the monumental Herodian stairs leading to the now sealed Hulda Gate to the Temple Mount, providing a dramatic climax to the tour. Nearby are two tiny cedar saplings which the restorers hope will further enhance the dramatic setting. Originally, Lebanese saplings were tried, but after these failed to take root, a local species was planted. Despite the apparent frailty of the saplings, Ben-Dov is confident that they will

grow to a great height within a decade.

At this point Ben-Dov leaves us to lend one of the three daily Hebrew tours of the site. There are also three tours a day in English, with less frequent tours in French and German. Once a week, there is a tour in Arabic, but there hasn't



Walkway through section of archeology park outside Old City walls. Most of structures on downhill side are Hasmonaean.

A millennium an hour

The Post's HAIM SHAPIRO walks through 26 centuries of history on a two-hour tour of Jerusalem's archeological park. Photographs by Mike Goldberg.

been much interest, despite regular announcements on Arabic TV.

At one time, Ben-Dov says, there used to be regular visits by groups from Gaza. If the Arabs do come again, they will find much in which to take pride.

As we go back to the entrance, we stop at yet another wall

"Herodian?" I venture, noting the monumental dressed stones.

Ben-Dov smiles and shakes his head. The stones are Herodian, but the wall is 7th-century Moslem. Through it runs a sewer pipe that looks startlingly modern and provides the key for this particular puzzle.

As we go back to the entrance, we stop at yet another wall



(Above) Meir Ben-Dov escorts a group of European rabbis. (Right) Over-all view of southern edge of the Temple Mount, with the Hulda Gate barely visible.



(Above) Pillars in Hasmonaean courtyard. (Below) Mosaic in Byzantine room. (Below right) Metal stairs linking Crusader and Byzantine remains are designed to signal historical transition.



Handwritten text in a box: "The Post 1:16"

KENNETH CLARK, who died this week at 79, was a writer's writer, despite the fact that he became, in what would have been the twilight of anyone else's career, the most popular purveyor of culture ever known. His television series "Civilization," later made into a handsome best-selling book, was seen and absorbed by millions around the world. It made a particularly powerful impact on Americans, who recognised and mobbed the eloquent but diffident British historian wherever he went (airline porters would not accept a tip and fought to carry his bags).

When he was elevated to the peerage (one was always surprised to learn that he had not been born into it) it was inevitable that wags would tag him as Lord Clark of Civilization.

The field of art literature has long been hemmed in by forests of obscurity, or littered with the dead wood of psycho-symbolism. Most famous art historians are unreadable, just as most contemporary art writers are unlikable; and not only because most of them, particularly Americans, resort to jargon.

A classicist and a stylist in the great English public school tradition, Clark's genius was that he was able to marshal complex matters in elegant but eminently accessible language; he could state the most complex thought in a few simple and straightforward sentences.

When he spoke on television, he did so in a direct and natural manner, explaining in simple language things that millions of people had always assumed were beyond their reach.

In his second volume of autobiography, *The Other Half* (published by John Murray at £6.50), Clark laid this to say: "The communication with simple people was one of the things about the programmes that particularly annoyed intellectuals of the left, who believed that they had a prescriptive right to speak to the working classes. Academics were furious at the simplification of their labours, and would have liked to catch me out in mistakes, of which there are a certain number. But they never wrote to me about them; perhaps they thought I was beneath contempt. In fact my approach to history was unconsciously different from that now in favour in universities, which sees all historical change as the result of economic and communal pressures. I believe in the importance of individuals, and in a natural hero-worship. Each programme had its hero — Charlemagne, the Abbot Suger,

Alherti, Erasmus, Luther and Montaigne, Mozart, Voltaire, Jefferson, Rousseau, Wordsworth, and finally Itruel. One whole programme is called *The Hero as Artist*. The majority of people share my taste for heroes, whether football stars or pop singers, and so were glad of an historical survey that emphasised outstanding individuals rather than economic trends.

When the series was shown in the U.S.A. things got out of hand... I remember going into a chemist's shop in Boston and a lady who was there said to the chemist "Do you realise you have the greatest man in the world in your shop?" The chemist answered impassively "Sure I do." It is comical that such

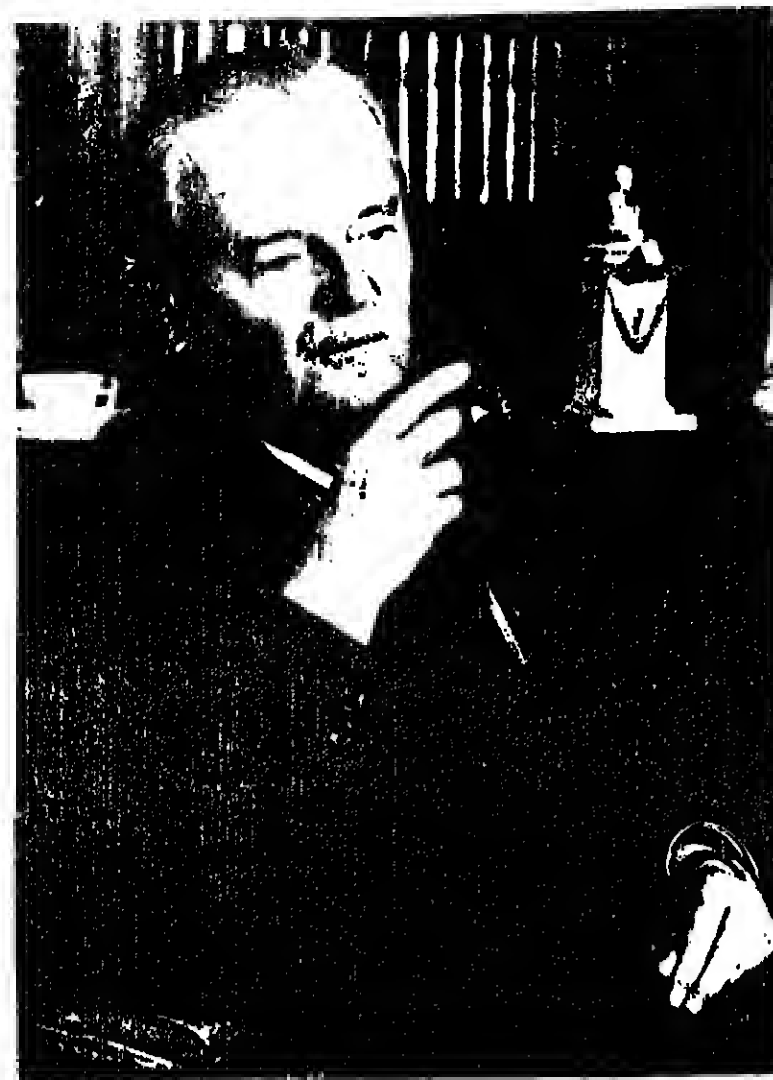
LEGEND has it that the Stone of Scone, upon which early Scottish kings knelt at their coronation, was the same stone Jacob used as a pillow at Bethel. By a circuitous route, via Syria, Egypt, Spain and Eire, it finally came to rest in Scotland, where it remained at the Abbey of Scone until the 13th century.

"The story of the Shetland Islands steamer *The Earl of Zeeland*, as warmly told by Adam Robson, forges another bond between Israel and Scotland. Only this time the direction of travel is reversed.

Do And Earl, so she was fondly called, was a small coastal vessel built in 1876 at Paisley. Her 30-horsepower, steam-driven engine pumped the ship forward at a maximum speed of 10 knots. And that "put n home in her teeth" and left n trothy wake under her counter.

The *Earl* was much more than a symbol of progress in the remote Shetlands of the 19th century. "The

A civilized man



Meir Ronnen

Alherti, Erasmus, Luther and Montaigne, Mozart, Voltaire, Jefferson, Rousseau, Wordsworth, and finally Itruel. One whole programme is called *The Hero as Artist*. The majority of people share my taste for heroes, whether football stars or pop singers, and so were glad of an historical survey that emphasised outstanding individuals rather than economic trends.

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Salt-caked coaster

THE SAGA OF A SHIP: The *Earl of Zeeland* by Adam Robson. Lerwick, The Shetland Times, Ltd. 336 pp. £12.

David Brauner

remarkable fragmented range of involvement in community work never lessened. Politics, postal services, livestock cargoes, the Up-Helly-A' annual (Viking fire) festival and pleasure trips, all contributed to the variety."

Because she was a powered vessel in a turbulent corner of ocean populated largely by sail and oar, she was often called upon for salvage and rescue work. One particularly

gripping story has the *Earl* going out in search of a sailing smack, abandoned by her crew after the captain had drowned in heavy seas. The only person left aboard was Betty Mount, a partial cripple. The search proved fruitless; 10 days later old Betty in her smack washed up on the Norwegian coast.

In a normal seven-day week the *Earl's* crew dropped and raised anchor some 30 times. In one episode very similar to the El Al saga, the Free Church Presbytery of Shetland took strong objection to the Sundry sailings and petitioned the ship's owners to cease their desecration of the Lord's Day. But in the end "it was agreed that the practicalities were vital, and so the issue was abandoned."

connections (he married into the aristocracy to boot) the urbane and handsome Clark hobnobbed not only with Royalty and Heads of State, but with artists, musicians and writers. Graham Sutherland and Henry Moore were among his close friends; and he was often the guest of Somerset Maugham. He lived and worked at Saltwood Castle, a restored Gothic masterpiece, in what was once the Hall of Audience of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He did his writing in his magnificent library; perhaps he was unconsciously going Berenson one better. In his later years he turned the Castle over to his son and daughter-in-law, having built a pavilion for himself and his wife in the castle's kitchen garden.

CLARK was an historian who bridged the two halves of this century. To read today of the personal nature and professional intentions of an artist is a commonplace. Clark the humanist was one of the pioneers of this approach. (Nevertheless there are still many eminent historians who write about art as though the men who made it never existed).

Despite the fact that Clark the scholar was the Director of the National Gallery, a Professor of Art History and the Chancellor of a University, he was no academic; and despite the fact that he played a leading role in the cultural life of his country, he never became a Mandarin.

It was as Slade Professor that Clark relaid the foundations for his career as an author. His favourite course, on Rembrandt, became the source for his wonderfully readable *An Introduction to Rembrandt* (John Murray, 1978). It is typical of him that he found it delightful to work on Rembrandt "because there were so few documents to scrutinise, all the evidence being in the works themselves."

On the other hand, *Landscape into Art* (1949) went into his Oxford lectures; and so did two of his most penetrating historical studies: *The Gothic Revival* (first written when he was 22) and *The Romantic Revolt* (like most of his books, they were published by John Murray). Clark also wrote *Leonardo da Vinci* (1939, revised for Penguin in 1958); *Piero della Francesca* (1951); and his famous *The Nude* (1955). Other studies published by Murray were *Ruskin Today*; *Looking at Pictures*; *Rembrandt and the Italian Renaissance*. Clark was also not above doing a *kultura* like *Feminine Beauty* (published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson and Rizzoli).

THE CHURCH, however, proved to be one of the lesser obstacles in the *Earl's* long career. Twice she was grounded, holed and flooded. During World War II the brave little steamer narrowly escaped an airborne bombing attack. Had it not been for a providential wind, the homies would have hit their target.

When the *Da And Earl* was retired in 1946, she had already seen 70 years of service. But she had one more voyage to make.

At Aberdeen she was clandestinely bought by the Mossad 'Aliya Bet for use as an "illegal" immigrant ship. She was refitted at Marseilles to accommodate her human cargo and proudly renamed the *Yehuda Halevi*. Crammed with 392 people, the first Jewish immigrants from North Africa, she began her two-week run to Eretz Yisrael.

But the old engine's teak-encased brass cylinders were no match for

CLARK did not confine himself to lecturing and writing about drawing and painting. A splendid look at Clark the polymath is afforded in his last book, *Moments of Vision* (John Murray, 1981, 191 pp., published at £9.50) a collection of 11 lectures and essays that span half a century. In one way or another, however, they all deal with creativity. All are not only informative and wide-ranging, but also truly entertaining.

Despite his method of using the arts to illustrate one another, Clark saw his moments of vision as intensified physical perceptions (a certain reverence for the Divine was never allowed to cloud his perceptions). But he does make a clear reference to the way childhood experiences result in certain central images in an artist's work.

"Moments" is a moveable feast. It comprises a disquisition on the intuitive, scientific and imaginative approaches to art brilliantly entitled "The Blot and The Diagram"; an essay on the Concept of Universal Man, with Jefferson and Franklin as starters; a delightful tour of Mandarin English at its most florid; candid studies of Pater and Berenson; thoughts on the problem of Art History and Criticism as Literature; on the nature of Provincialism; and on Art and Society. There is also a touching series of examples of how aging has affected famous artists; and finally "Iconophobia," his witty and controversial potted history of the avoidance of the image, from the Second Commandment and Moslem art to 20th century abstraction.

Iconophobia was written at a time when abstract expressionism still held sway. Clark bemoaned the fact that a friend of his, a realist painter, could not get a teaching post anywhere in Britain at the time.

But Clark was ever open to everything. He reminded his audience of the neo-Platonic notion that forms the basis of today's aesthetics, that the value of an image resides not in imitation, but in form and idea. He was sensitive to the spiritual purity of Malevich and Mondrian, but with — and like — Rothko, felt that abstraction had run its course. At the time he wrote: "I suppose that in the end representational art will reappear, although shall not be here to see it."

Well, he was, for art history, in a sort of inversion of Hubble's constant, seems to have suddenly speeded up the closer it gets to us.

Clark's gift was that he caught enough of every moment of vision to make it comprehensible. Right or wrong, he was never a bore. □

the swift British warships that caught up with her just off the Palestine coast. She was towed into Haifa harbour, and the passengers who emerged from the fifth and stench of her hold were shipped off to Cyprus. The *Earl* came to a sad and ignominious end under a breaker's hammer outside the harbour.

Robson spent a decade researching the story of the ship and his book is full of love for the people who emerged from the fifth and stench of her hold were shipped off to Cyprus. The *Earl* came to a sad and ignominious end under a breaker's hammer outside the harbour.

Robson, who was a British soldier in Mandatory Palestine, expresses genuine pride in the fact that a Scottish ship played a significant part in the history of the Jewish people.

The book is illustrated with many photographs and the author's own etchings, and is superbly printed. □

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1983

IT HAS become increasingly clear that the future of Israeli society is connected to a large extent with its technological capabilities — industrial, agricultural, managerial, entrepreneurial. Its resourcefulness in these fields has made Israel an advanced nation. It must rely on this capacity in meeting the challenge of the future.

The need for technological development, however, wasn't always recognized, as this definitive and often fascinating study of the history of the Technion, Israel Institute of Technology, makes clear. The Zionist establishment relegated technology to a secondary role rather than attempting to create an educational system that would nurture it. It almost begrudged the development of higher technological education. In a way, it merely took note of a process which had taken shape of its own volition.

The result was the emergence of the Technion, today one of the leading technological universities in the world, located in a vast campus on the slopes of Mt. Carmel, and comprising a variety of faculties and departments whose graduates fulfil an essential role throughout the country.

IN CARL Alpert, the Technion has found an official historian with an unusual combination of qualities. He has been the Technion's main fund-raising and public relations officer for many years, and still serves as executive vice-chairman of its Board of Governors. He has had an important part in the growth of the Institute, particularly the Kiryat Hachinon campus. He became known as the Technion's representative to Jewish contributors throughout the world.

Alpert is also a professional writer, whose newspaper column about Israel is familiar to Jewish readers in the U.S. and other countries. His scholarship is apparent in this book. He has made a meticulous study of the relevant material. In recent years he devoted much of his time to this major project. The result transcends mere institutional interest.

Moreover, his book isn't in vehicle for self-promotion. Anyone familiar with the Technion knows that Alpert has deliberately excised himself from his narrative. He chose to avoid the personal memoir.

As history, the first part of the book makes a greater impact. The early years of the Technion were marked by vision, strife and frustration. Later, as the Technion expands, the story reflects the concerns of an established institute. It is recorded with lucidity and in detail, but the drama is gone.

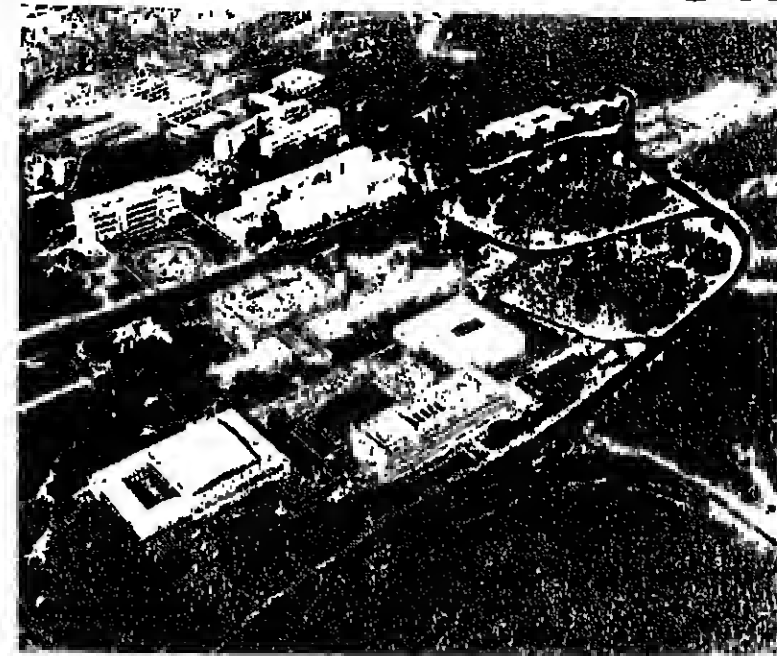
ONE OF the powerful personalities who shaped the Technion was Paul Nathan of Berlin, leader of the *Hilfsverein der deutschen Juden* (the Aid Society of German Jews), who originated the idea to establish a

HOW CAN a book about Israel, full of action, sex, credible vignettes of known landscapes and people, and even relatively well-written, fail? *Defy the Wilderness*, which has so much potential, does just that.

Maybe it's due to the cardboard characterizations. Not one personality is fully developed, not one acts in a realistic way, as the story proceeds, and the reader couldn't care less what happens to any of them.

Ann Randall, like the author, comes to Israel in the spring of 1980 to do research for a book about the War of Liberation. She has been

A vision realized



TECHNION. The Story of Israel's Institute of Technology by Carl Alpert. Published by the American Technion Society and the Technion, New York and Haifa. 439 pp. \$30.

Reuven Rosenfelder

technical institute in remote Palestine. Actually, the *Hilfsverein* was already quite involved, through a network of schools which it founded here. Nathan visited them as early as 1907, and upon his return began to implement his conception. Five years later the cornerstone was laid for the Technion building in the Hadar Hachinon section of Haifa. It was designed by Alexander Baerwald, another German Jew, who later became the Technion's first professor of architecture. It is still one of the landmarks of the *Yishuv*.

But studies didn't begin till 1925. The building project progressed slowly. Nathan kept tight control — he had some samples sent to Berlin. Haifa continued to plead for more funds; the financial pattern was set for the future.

An ideological conflict was soon apparent. Apart from providing help for the Jews of Palestine, the *Hilfsverein* leaders, as loyal Germans, wanted to advance German interests in the Orient. The national aspirations of the Zionists were alien to their temperament. There was a disparity between the emancipated Western Jews and the East Europeans, with their inapprehensible Zionist "chauvinism."

Yet Zionists were involved in the plan from the beginning. Ahad Ha'am's position was strengthened by the fact that he had received a gift of 100,000 rubles from the Wis-

sozky family. He and Schmeryahu Levin regarded the Technion as part of the Zionist endeavour. Their ambitious notions conflicted with the *Hilfsverein's* view of the Technion as an institute for training technicians.

Then the War of the Languages erupted. It was a curious and emotionally fraught episode. Convinced that Hebrew was inadequate for teaching technical subjects, Nathan insisted that German be used once Technion courses got under way. The Zionists on the Technion's board insisted that Hebrew should be the language of instruction. The controversy spread. The teachers' union took the lead in organizing demonstrations and excluding anyone who wanted to teach in German. Eliezer Ben-Yehuda wrote to the embittered Nathan: "The Technion will not open without bloodshed. Don't think this is just the work of a few youths."

THE OUTBREAK of World War I, and the ensuing disruption, ended the linguistic fracas. A whole decade was to pass before the Technion was finally opened with a class of 26 students. Germany was vanquished, the *Hilfsverein* was out of the picture, and the Zionists were in control. The building to which they had acquired title was in a shocking state; it had been used successfully by Turkish, German and British troops.

But the Technion had arrived. Seventeen years after Nathan drafted his initial memorandum, the opening ceremony was held. *The Jewish Chronicle* called it "certainly the most impressive and dignified ever known in Haifa."

Nathan received an invitation. He didn't even reply to it. Yet the Technion is undoubtedly his brain child. He is commemorated in a plaque af-

fixed to what is now the old building. Haifa owes him a permanent debt of gratitude: It was he who decided to build the Technion there. In this he was only following Herzl, who in *Altneuland* had written of the city with the future.

ANOTHER POWERFUL personality was Dr. Shlomo Kaplansky, who had been a member of the Zionist Executive, and became director ("Principal") of the Technion. "He undertook to manage an institution which was being wrecked by personality conflicts and ideological dissension and on the verge of dissolution for lack of funds," Alpert writes. These circumstances "gave little promise of the 19 years of growth and development which were to follow under his leadership."

He seemed a pedant hut according to Alpert, he was a man who combined vision with perseverance and attention to detail. By the time of his death in 1950, he had shaped the Technion into a viable institution which had taken root and gradually expanded to meet the *Yishuv's* needs. The stage had been set for the transition to a large technological university.

It was a difficult road Kaplansky travelled. He had been preceded by a series of directors who were unable, despite sincere efforts, to extricate the institute from its troubles. The importance of the post of director hadn't been properly acknowledged. A 1929 tender for the post contained the following sentence: "Preference will be given to candidates who can instruct in technical machines or bridge-building."

The Technion was a step-child of the Zionist Organization. It was subject to control by far-off officials who kept tight control of the purse-strings. The fundamental issue of the desired educational level remained unresolved. The Technion students (who have always been activists), the teachers and a handful of board members struggled to achieve higher status for the institute, but the Zionist bodies saw no need for it. A Jewish Agency official calculated in 1928 that no more than four or five new engineers were required in Palestine annually. They should be trained in Cambridge, he said.

At the time of Kaplansky's appointment, there was no money for the teachers' salaries. The staff agreed to work without pay, and signed a statement that they would wait till funds became available. This offer, Alpert says, was "clear, unqualified, generous, self-sacrificing."

A THIRD notable figure was Prof. Sydney Goldstein, a towering academic personality trained in the British manner, who came to Haifa from Manchester in 1950. He was the right man at the right time. The question of status had been resolved

but the Technion was still academically parochial. If it were to keep pace with the development of a new campus, the Technion's structure and constitution had to be revamped — in effect, created — so it could function as a Western-oriented university. Goldstein complemented the President, Ya'akov Dori. A former military man with a capacity for leadership, Dori didn't have the necessary academic expertise.

Alpert praises Goldstein's contributions. He was in addition the first dean of the aeronautical engineering faculty, and a pioneer in the development of this field in Israel. Ultimately, he did not stay at the Technion, or in Israel for that matter.

ALEXANDER GOLDBERG, who became President in 1965, guided the Technion over the next eight years through a period of consolidation and gradual growth. New fields of study were introduced. He realized that the Technion's engineering capacities could be utilized for the life sciences. He encouraged the incorporation of Haifa's fledgling medical school, founded by Dr. David Erik, into the Technion. Other areas emphasized were computer science, applied mathematics, and solid-state. Goldberg had a more easy-going and informal style than his predecessor; it made him quite popular with overseas contributors.

OTHER FIGURES in Alpert's book play a less important part but still have roles of their own. Prof. Rudolf Sinnel went to the U.S. in 1939 on a fund-raising mission and remained for several years. With ability and imagination, he established the American Technion Society, which over the years made possible much of the Technion's expansion. When Rudolf returned to Haifa, he no longer had a common language with the conservative Kaplansky.

Alpert pays tribute also to Jacob Schiff, the New York millionaire, who made a "princely gift" to the Technion of \$100,000 in the early days. He came to recognize the importance of building a homeland for the Jews.

The most generous gift in the Technion's history was made in the 1950s by Gerard Swope, the president of General Electric Corp. The fact that he was Jewish was almost unknown prior to his involvement with the Technion. It was J.R. Elychur who got Ben-Gurion to agree to match American contributions; to the tune of \$10 million, for the new campus.

Alpert's chronicle ends when Gen. (Res.) Amos Horev becomes President in 1973. Yet this book is not about people but about an institution and how it arrived where it is today. The Technion is fortunate in having this history, which charts its course and development. □

longer notice but that the author, like Dry Bones, pinpoints nicely: how Israeli children invariably steal centre stage and are spoiled; the way "fat American cats" keep "shoppers" (who try to get their commissions) on a string; the subtle change in the Arab merchants in the Old City Market, and the metamorphosis of our gawky, ungainly youth into disciplined, efficient and highly motivated soldiers.

A less heroic, less superiorly complexed book would have been much nicer. After all Ann-Randall is no Ayn Rand. □

Handwritten note in the right margin: "The book is a masterpiece of research and writing. It is a must-read for anyone interested in the history of the Technion." — [Signature]

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